

LIFE



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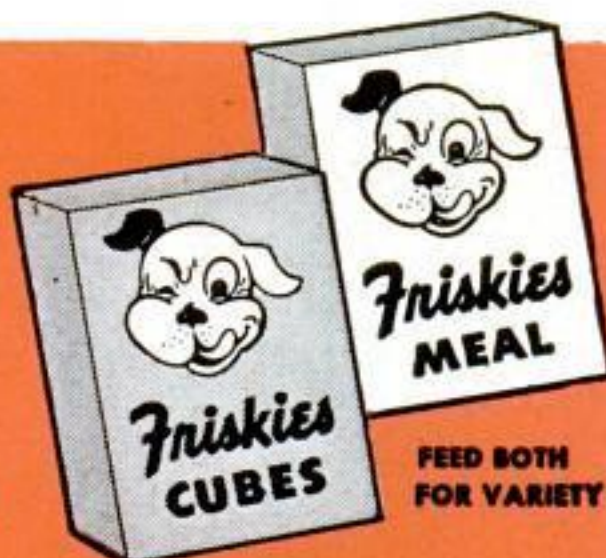
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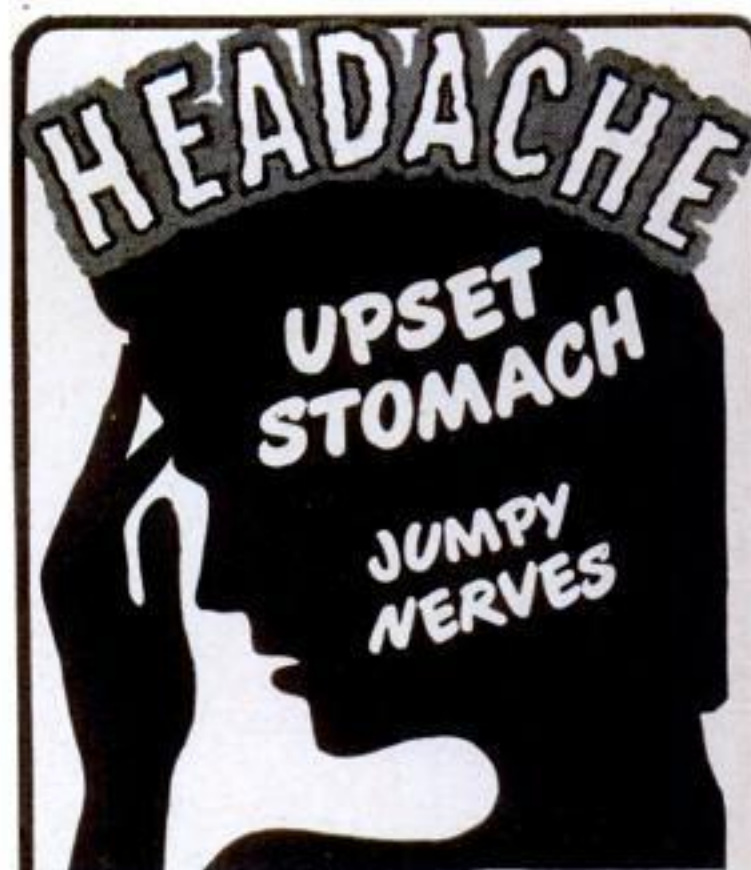
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1. Relieves pain of headache
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which may team up for trouble.

Simply put teaspoonful in a glass and add water. Bromo-Seltzer effervesces with split-second action... ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed.

Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore fountain or counter today. Compounded in four convenient home sizes by registered pharmacists.



For **FAST** headache help
BROMO-SELTZER

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Who's Tops in Telephones? It's U.S.

There are more telephones in this country than in all the rest of the world put together. The United States has one telephone for about every four people, compared to one telephone for every ninety people for the rest of the world.

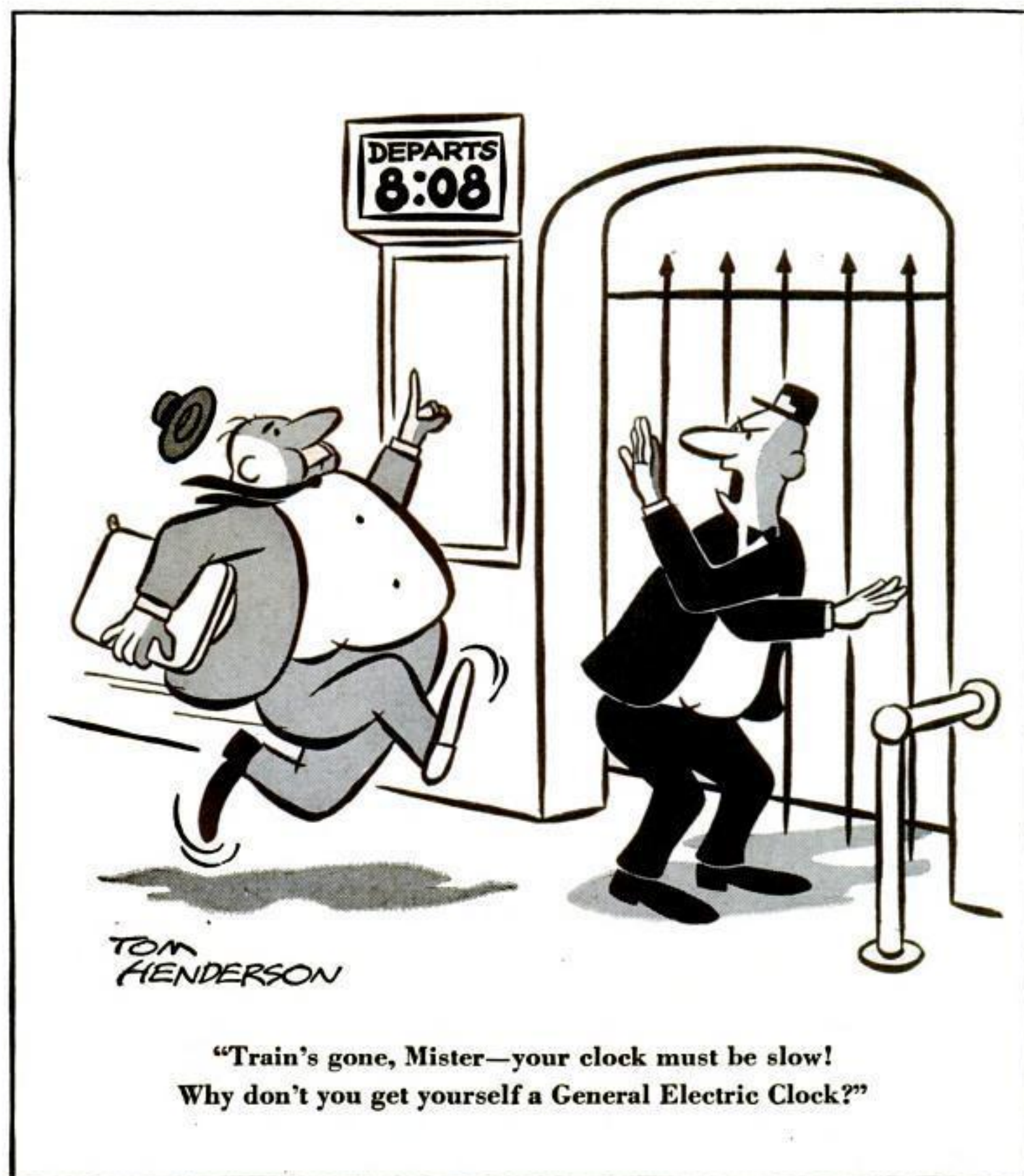
Sweden comes closest with one telephone for every five people. In the British Isles there's one telephone for every eleven people. In Russia the estimate is about one in a hundred.

New York leads the world's cities with the most telephones. It has 2,600,000—more than in all of France. In relation to population, San Francisco is on top with about one telephone for every two people. Washington ranks a close second.

And we're still building and expanding at the fastest rate in history. The value of telephone service is increasing constantly.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





"Train's gone, Mister—your clock must be slow!
Why don't you get yourself a General Electric Clock?"

Tardy Tom (need we say?) is one more victim of the vagaries of old-fashioned "hand-wind" clocks.

And we ask you now: isn't it *past* time to "keep time" with *always reliable* General Electric Clocks?

For you, we suggest the G-E HERALDER with luminous hands and hour dots. It has the Select-A-Larm feature too! This feature allows you to select the *one exact volume* of "wake-up" which suits you best...from "Whisper" to "Shout" or any point in between! This alarm clock *also* has all these important G-E advantages:

1. **Self-starting** . . . no winding.
2. **Quiet** . . . no disturbing ticktock.
3. **Dependable** . . . wakes you on time, every time.
4. **Accurate** . . . electrically checked by your power company to correspond with official Naval Observatory time.



The HERALDER is only one of a complete line of General Electric alarm, kitchen, and occasional clocks — "The Clocks Most People Want Most."

P.S. Remember this: General Electric Alarm Clocks are available at prices as low as \$4.50! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Why wind a clock today—get a General Electric and forget it!

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

EUROPE'S NEW LOOK

Sirs:

Daily we hear that millions of children in Europe are starving to death.

Under the heading "Western Europe Wears a New Look" (LIFE, June 28) you have a picture of children in Rome looking at a Punch and Judy performance. The children look healthy, well fed and clothed; in fact they look better fed and clothed than most children I see going to a movie in my home town. Also I note a picture taken in Paris of French workers enjoying a picnic meal of ham, bananas and red wine. They too look healthy, well fed and dressed.

If what we hear is true, the pictures in LIFE must be phony.

A. J. PLATZ

Westfield, N.J.

● The news Reader Platz has been hearing is out of date. LIFE's pictures truly recorded the first stages of improvement in the condition of Western Europe. The Italian children shown were very likely wearing their Sunday best, and the holiday picnic fare was considerably above the French daily diet. Moreover European children as a whole are still undernourished and many bear the mark of war privation (the tuberculosis rate is an estimated five times above that of prewar). But there is little, if any, outright starvation in the countries of Western Europe.

The improvement during the past year has been brought about by the natural processes of economic recovery, greatly aided by American help. (Since 1945 the U.S. has sent more than \$17 billion for food, fuel, clothing, medicines and machines, outside of such private contributions as sending more than \$50 million in CARE packages.) As LIFE pointed out, the continuance of this recovery is absolutely dependent on the continuance of American help.—ED.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 7](#)

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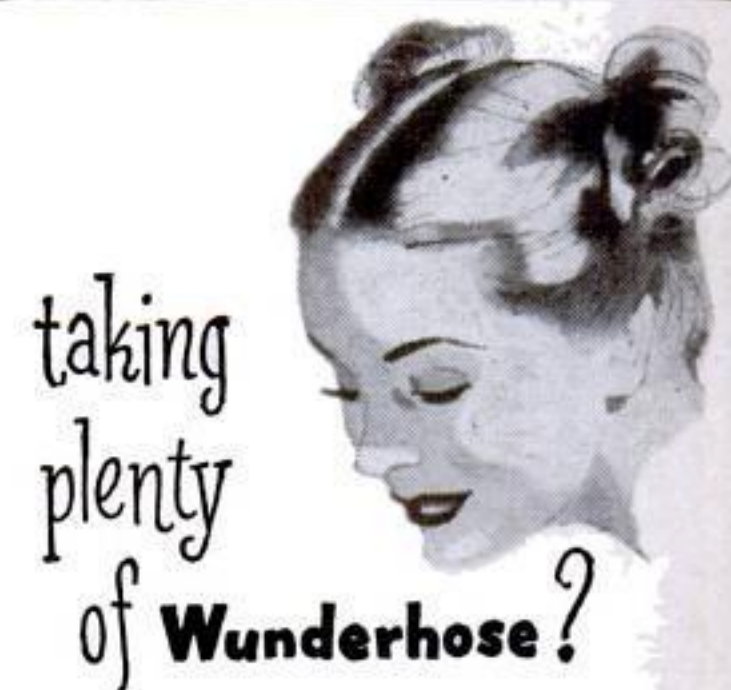
L-7-19 ☐ PLEASE BILL ME

Mail to LIFE, 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., or give to your newsdealer.



Smartest of all is the "tossed" salad . . . and most dependent on the dressing. Kraft French Dressing has the perfect seasoning you are looking for. Made with really fine ingredients; Kitchen Fresh; America's most popular brand.

NOTE: Kraft has another brand, Miracle French, for those who like just a tantalizing touch of onion and garlic.



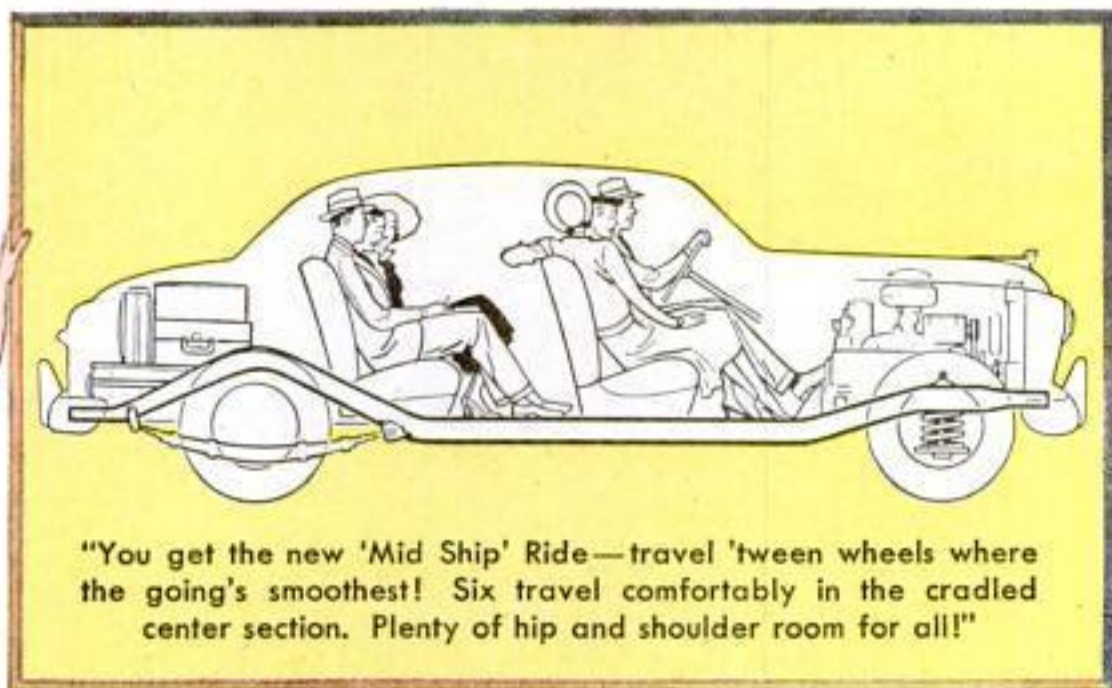
Wherever you're going, on a trip, or off to school or college, a Wunderhose wardrobe's a must! You're sure to need some full-fashioned or tailored-seams for gadding about, some sheer glamorous seam-frees; some bright-colored Durene anklets for play.

Wunderhose nylons, as well as other popular constructions, come in a variety of styles to suit the whole family.

Wunderhose

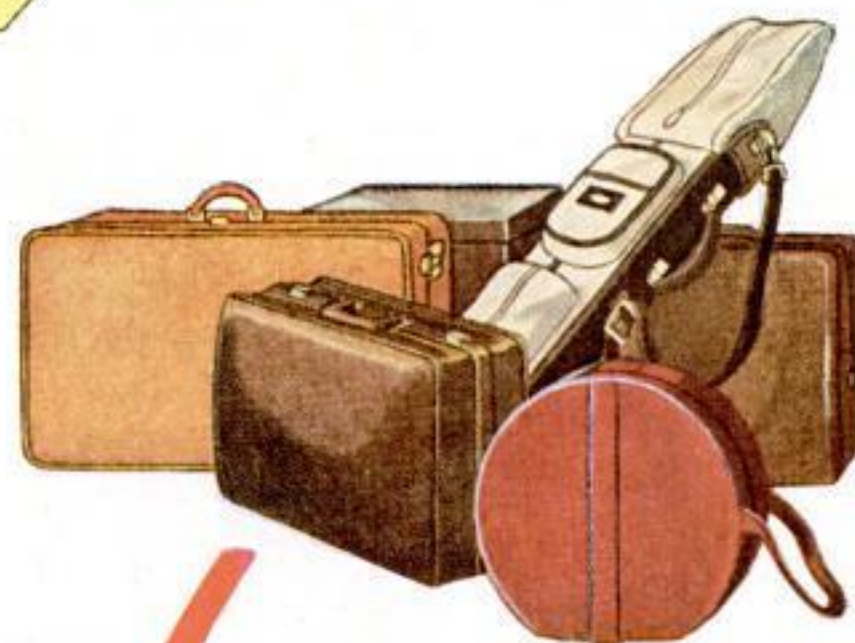
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WUNDERHOSE • EVERWEAR • ARROWHEAD

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"IT'S GOT A 'LIFEGUARD' BODY..."

AND 'MAGIC ACTION'
KING-SIZE BRAKES THAT
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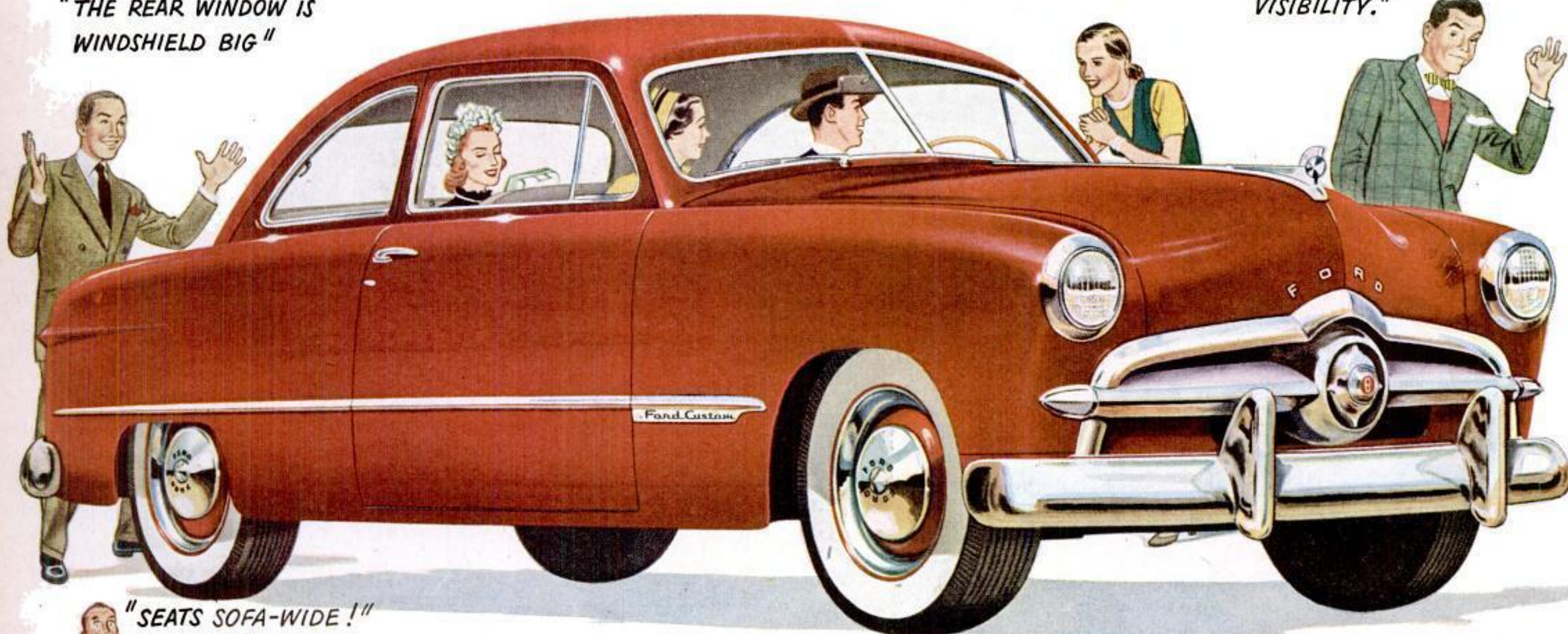
57% MORE LUGGAGE SPACE

The '49 Ford

"THE REAR WINDOW IS
WINDSHIELD BIG"



"NEW 'PICTURE WINDOW'
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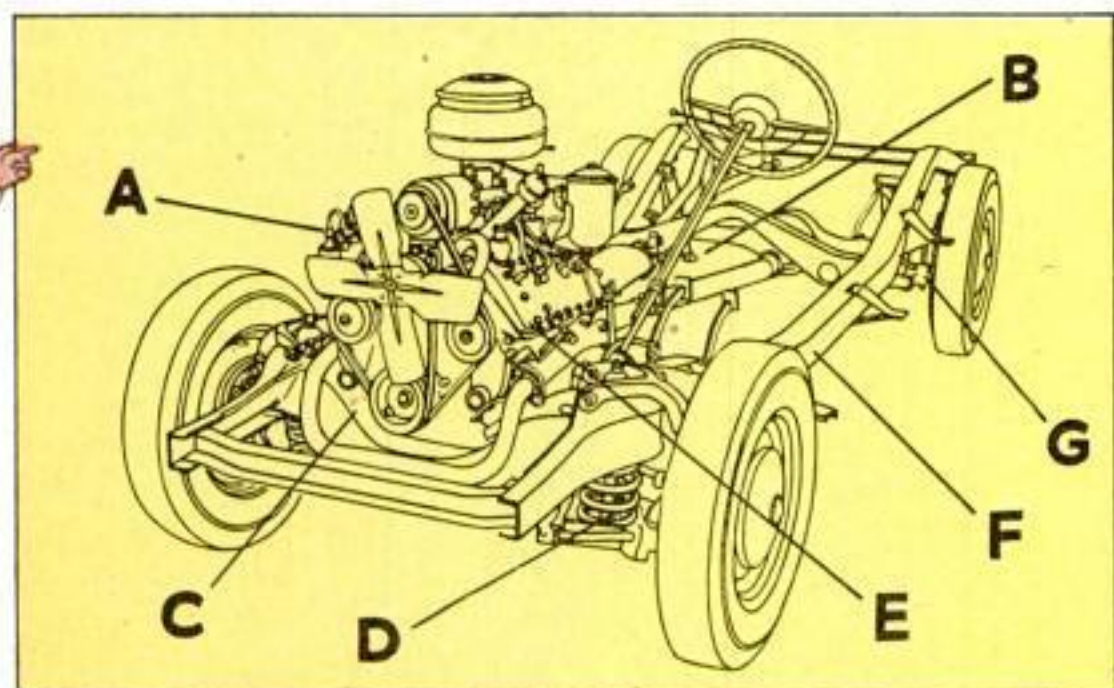


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White Side Wall tires
available at extra cost.

The Car of the Year!



"NEW FROM THE GROUND UP"

- A** New "Top-Side" Distributor Mounting. **B** New Overdrive*
- C** New Lubrication System. **D** New "Hydra-Coil" Springs.
- E** New 100 h.p. V-8, or 95 h.p. Six. **F** New box-section frame.
- G** New "Para-Flex" Rear springs. * optional at extra cost

There's a ^{NEW} Ford in your future

Rise and shine

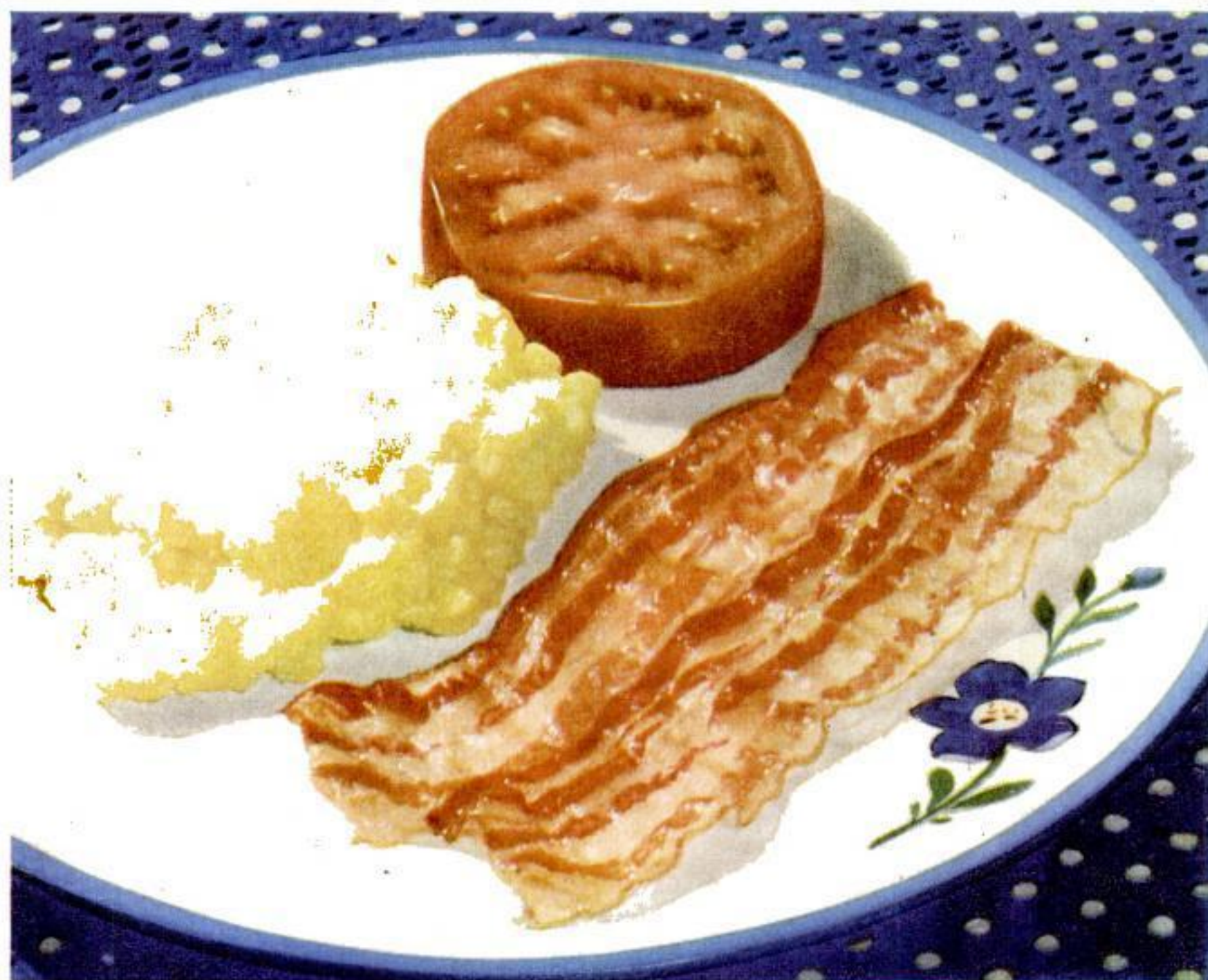


with...

Brighter Breakfasts!



LOOK WHAT HAPPENS when you begin the day with America's favorite bacon (*Swift's Premium*, naturally!) *Everybody's* off to a flying start, from Dad on down to the smallest dynamo. Nutritionists say breakfast is the *neglected* meal . . . so you're using bacon wisely when you bring it on for breakfast. Swift's Premium's savory *sweet smoke taste* sets appetites racing . . . and every bite is rich in *digestible* food energy.



SAVE BACON by cooking it this failure-proof way: Place slices of Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan. Don't overcrowd. Cook *slowly*, turning often to cook evenly. Drain on absorbent paper. For crisp bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates and save for future use. Good breakfast companions (equally welcome for lunch or supper)—fluffy scrambled eggs and tomato slices.



"COME AND GET IT!" There's no dawdling over dressing when Swift's Premium Bacon is on the stove. That zesty fragrance brings the family running! Year in, year out, its matchless quality has been so *dependable*, its famous sweet smoke taste so *delectable* . . . that now America actually prefers Swift's Premium Bacon to the next 25 brands *combined*!



Swift's Premium
Bacon  with the
sweet smoke taste!

YOU'LL LOVE EVERY SIP

(and each glass has a plus*!)



***PLUS:**
Sunsweet helps keep you regular!

SUNSWEEP PRUNE JUICE

In bottles or cans



Prepared and distributed by the makers of Mott's apple juice, apple sauce, cider, vinegars, and jellies

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP

SIRS:

I WAS ONE OF THE 40 OR 50 WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS ON THE TWO-WEEK TRUMAN TRIP AND MUST PROTEST THE ARTICLE IN THE JUNE 21 ISSUE OF LIFE. YOUR DECLARATION THAT HIS CROWDS WERE SMALL JUST ISN'T SO. I AM NO TRUMAN ENTHUSIAST; I AM JUST DISHEARTENED BY IRRESPONSIBLE AND SNIDE JOURNALISM.

RICHARD L. STROUT

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR"
WASHINGTON, D.C.

● LIFE went to press before President Truman had completed half of his trip, thereby reporting only the early mistakes and mix-ups. The President gathered momentum as he progressed and by the end of the journey had thoroughly recouped his false start. LIFE regrets that the time element caused a one-sided picture of the tour as a whole.—ED.

A NIGHT ON THE BEAT

Sirs:

"A Night on the Beat" by Joe McCarthy, illustrated with pictures by Anthony Linck (LIFE, June 21), was a great article for the police. Although I am a fireman I enjoyed all of it.

EDWIN S. LEE

Greensboro, N.C.

Sirs:

In my opinion Joe McCarthy has turned in the finest piece of writing I have read since Ernest Hemingway wrote *Fifty Grand*.

J. F. FURLONG JR.

Belmont, Calif.

● Joe McCarthy, a 33-year-old native of Boston, started his writing career on a newspaper, was drafted at the beginning of the war and became managing editor of *Yank*, the Army weekly magazine. It was not until he left *Yank* that McCarthy ceased getting the mail of Joe McCarthy, then manager of the New York Yankees, or answering phone calls from small boys asking him to autograph their baseballs.—ED.

ART: NUDES & FREAKS

Sirs:

Why do reputable periodicals waste valuable space by reproducing atrocities such as the freak prize-winning paintings appearing on page 103 of your June 28 issue, and classified as "art"? They have no more claim to that distinction than the scribbles of a 5-year-old have to be termed "literature."

To advertise the fact that some deluded persons award real money for such daubs is to debase genuine art as exemplified in the same issue of LIFE by the work of Leon Kroll.

F. E. GARRY

Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

I have just finished reading your June 28 issue and I am positively ashamed that I would spend my good money for a subscription to a magazine that would print such pictures as Leon Kroll's nudes under the cloak of "art."

ARTHUR G. BOYER

Chicago, Ill.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FREE...

GENEROUS JAR
JERGENS FACE CREAM
with purchase of
50¢ bottle of JERGENS LOTION
BOTH for 43¢ (PLUS TAX)

JERGENS FACE CREAM

Now Contains Vitone—
Skin-Smoother
called finer than Lanolin

Doctors' tests show 8 out of 10 complexions beautifully improved with Jergens Face Cream.

Now better-than-ever with Vitone, a skin-smoothing discovery called finer than Lanolin. Use Jergens Face Cream 4 ways—for cleansing, softening, as dry-skin cream, as powder base. You won't need any other face cream.

JERGENS LOTION

for the Softest Adorable Hands

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. With Hollywood Stars, it's 7 to 1 the favorite hand care. Today Jergens Lotion is finer than ever in two important ways. Due to recent research, Jergens Lotion now makes your hands feel smoother and softer than ever—and protects them longer than ever.

Look for this
GIFT OFFER
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Counter **TODAY**



*YOUR MONEY BACK

Buy this Jergens Gift Offer. Use the Jergens Lotion for 2 full weeks. If you aren't delighted with today's Jergens Lotion, mail it back to the Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati 14, Ohio and they'll return your money. YOU KEEP THE JERGENS FACE CREAM AS YOUR FREE GIFT.

Everybody's in the swim... BUT ME!



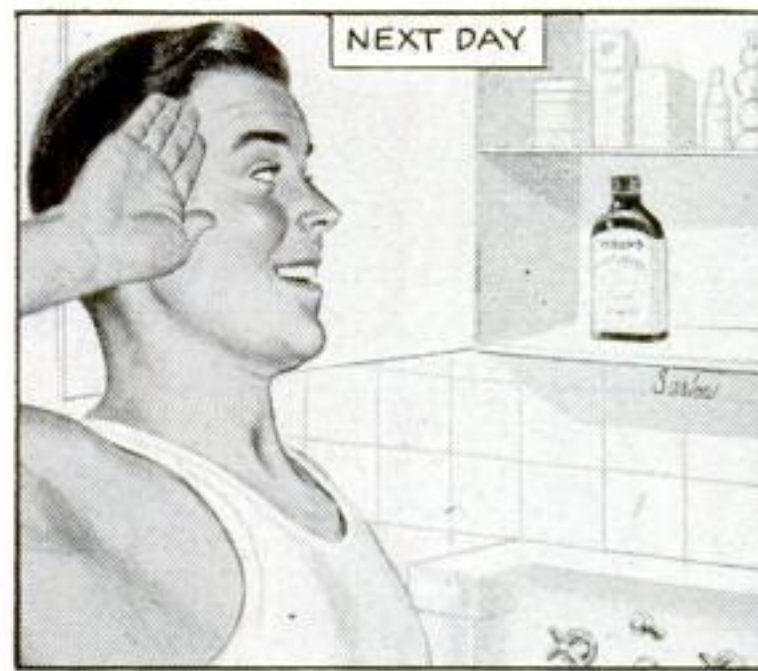
DAN: The way the others act, you'd think I came to this outing by myself, instead of in a party. It's bad enough being included *out* of everything, but with my stomach doing a nosedive too, its . . . well, it's awful! Gosh, here comes Sis . . .



DAN: Sis was really swell. She smiled and said: "Sounds to me like your trouble is acid indigestion. Overindulgence in food, tobacco or stimulants brings it on in a hurry. But I know how you can get wonderful relief—and get it fast."



DAN: Phillips' Milk of Magnesia was the treasure! Sis said it's not only a marvelous laxative, but one of the fastest, most effective antacids known to science. And she was right! I was amazed to see how fast it relieved my acid indigestion!



DAN: That's Phillips' Milk of Magnesia I'm saluting—there are two reasons why. It got me back in the swim yesterday. And by relieving sleep-robbing excess acidity, it let me sleep soundly all night. No wonder I feel like a new man today!

SO GENTLE FOR CHILDREN...SO THOROUGH FOR GROWNUPS

PHILLIPS'

MILK OF MAGNESIA

Liquid or Tablets

Get the 50¢ bottle: Contains three times as much as the 25¢ size. Also in convenient, pleasant-tasting tablet form—25¢ a box, less than 1¢ a tablet.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

It is not only the juries who award prizes to freak paintings which "drive laymen to conclude that modern art is a colossal fraud" but also the art critics who, attempting to write up an exhibition of this type of work, seem to resort to unintelligible jargon. Here are a few samples of the double-talk which has recently been published in the art columns of an eastern metropolitan weekly (*The New Yorker*): "Has strength and evocativeness," "justness of spacial arrangement," "planned imagery," "reveal a diminution in the assurance of his brush work," "pleasantly expressionistic," "explosive," "a sense of tense involvement."

These are not discussions of the artists to whom the expressions might possibly apply but descriptions of paintings, and as such to me they just don't make sense. As a painter myself, I have tried to be open-minded on this subject, but until the proponents of modernistic art discover spokesmen who can propagandize it in rational English, I'm afraid my appreciation of it is as hopeless as the layman's.

ARTHUR A. GILBERT

Chairman
Exhibition Committee

North Shore Art League
Winnetka, Ill.

YOUNG TOM DEWEY

Sirs:

The picture of the Dorothy Warren-Tom Dewey tête-à-tête ("A Dewey Steals the Show," *LIFE*, June 28), sold to International News Photos, was taken by a student of mine, Fred DeAngelis of Pittsfield, Mass., on his first picture assignment. He was covering



ACCIDENTAL PHOTO

a cocktail party given by the State of New Hampshire for governors at the conference and their families.

Fred had approached the Dewey boy and the Warren girl to get a straight posed shot. They agreed and Fred was all set to shoot when three or four persons walked across in front of his camera. He lowered the camera, allowing them to pass, and on the upswing of the camera for the second try his finger accidentally hit the flash-synchronizer button, with the heretofore published result instead of the stiff pose he had planned.

Lou Koch

Portsmouth, N.H.

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

★
A SPECIAL PREPARATION
FOR SHAVING

★
NO BRUSH

Modern life demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation. To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider, a rich soothing cream.

Glider *protects* your face while you shave. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating*. It's quick and easy to use. It needs no brush—and it's not sticky or greasy.

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE

Get Glider at your regular dealer's. Or send us your name and address—and we'll mail you a guest-size tube, enough for three full weeks, free. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. LG-6, Glastonbury, Connecticut, U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

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VARY HIS "VITTLES" THE THRIFTY WAY!

This *unique* food mixes so well with table scraps or soup, your dog's menu can be as *varied* as your own! And MILK-BONE tiny bits are *economical* since you add the liquid to this meaty, *concentrated* nourishment! Rich in vitamins and minerals, Tiny Bits will be a daily treat for your dog, too! Order some today!



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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



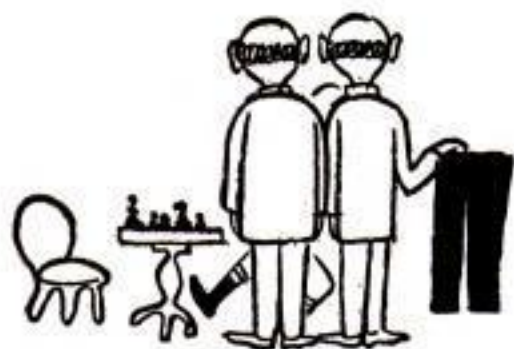
A serious student of chess



Would squirm till his game was a mess.



Said his partner, "Why move



When Arrow Shorts prove



That a man can sit down without stress?"



No chafing center seam

Sanforized-labeled • gripper fasteners elastic or tie side • SPRINTER (all-elastic waistband) • adjustable back.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

Since when is it necessary for a New York State policeman, a person whose salary is paid by the taxpayers, to act as a valet to Governor Dewey's 15-year-old son?

GLADYS R. PINSKER
Wallingford, Conn.

● It has been customary, although not necessary, for the New York State police to guard the governor and his family since the foundation of the force in 1917. Corporal John Micklas, an ex-Notre Dame football star, helped busy young Thomas get in and out of his clothes as a friendly gesture above and beyond the call of duty.—ED.

GENE AUTRY

Sirs:

Your article, "Gene Autry, Inc." (LIFE, June 28), is a wonderfully interesting and informative write-up on the life and activities of one of the world's greatest men.

I am so proud of Gene, as are all we members of the Gene Autry Friendship Club, the biggest, best and most loyal fan club on earth.

I am proud of Gene not only as an entertainer and a master businessman who has made his every dream come true, but proud that he, through his own efforts, has risen from humble boyhood home to fame's top. Proudest that despite all the wealth and fame attendant, he has remained sweet and unassuming. Genuine. One of God's noblemen. Truly America must be proud of her son!

EDELLA RUBY MELVILLE
Elmwood, Ill.

Sirs:

... I read the story of Gene Autry and found it very interesting. Why don't you publish a story, with pictures, of a different cowboy each week? It would make LIFE much more popular.

MARIAN A. GARDNER
Corning, N.Y.

Sirs:

Percy Knauth's facts on the Gene Autry Friendship Club were very poor. Why didn't he do a better research job on the club or leave it out entirely? As a club member I resent the way Percy wrote the club into his article.

Percy tells us in his article that it annoys Gene to have publicity given to Gene's income yet what does Percy do but go ahead and tell us anyhow. We are mighty darn sick and tired about hearing and reading of Gene's wealth, but Percy and you editors are forgiven because of the wonderful pictures of Gene! Thanks a million—I've bought 10 copies.

LILLIAN SPENCER
Buffalo, N.Y.

FIND DAVID LOW

Sirs:

Where are the five Lows in your story, "Cartoonist Low Looks at Truman" (LIFE, June 28)? I can find only four, one getting out of the train, one peeking out of the window, one on Grand Coulee Dam and one on the platform.

GEORGE ROWELL
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sirs:

In commenting on Mr. Low's drawings you state that "Low himself ap-



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A GREAT development in tire engineering, "bodyguard" construction actually prevents many tire failures that lead to serious accidents.

"Bodyguard" construction, now available in HOOD "400" passenger car tires, consists of two layers of tough, resilient cord built into the tire between the tread and the plies. There they serve as *bruise shields*—just like a football helmet—and *soak up* crushing, tearing road shocks before they can cause damage.

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

pears in the sketches five times." If you had examined them carefully you would have found that he actually can be seen not five but seven times.

He is, as you point out, the inquisitive gentleman on the Grand Coulee Dam. He can be seen peering apprehensively from the President's box at a Secret Service agent. He is the bewildered gentleman staring over the shoulder of the man attempting to jerk Charlie Ross out of sight. The back of his head is shown as he is conducted through the car housing the President's assistants. In the first drawing he appears three times. First he is seen being frisked by two ardent Democrats. Then he appears as the man who is being shown the photographers' attempt to storm the President's quarters. And finally he is led to the press car where he views the press at work. This makes a total of seven appearances.

R. D. BARRY

Chicago, Ill.

● "Are any prizes being offered?" Mr. Low inquired when asked about the discrepancy. Assured that he had nothing to gain by keeping the truth to himself, the cartoonist praised Reader Barry for his keen eye and apologized to the LIFE researcher whom he had neglected to let in on the "Find Low" joke.—ED.

Sirs:

Could you advise me as to where I could address a letter to Mr. David Low?

Inasmuch as I have written him at two Philadelphia hotels and checked with the Philadelphia post office without success, any information as to where a letter might reach him will be greatly appreciated.

J. O. MACMILLIN

Needham, Mass.

● Theoretically David Low can be reached at his office on the top floor of the Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Actually Mr. Low maintains such impregnable working solitude there that on occasion LIFE's editors have had to phone his wife at the Lows' hotel and ask her to ask her husband to step across the hall.—ED.

Subscription rates: U.S., Alaska, Hawaii, Canada, Newfoundland, 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$11.00; 3 yrs., \$15.00. LIFE International edition (fortnightly) for Canal Zone, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, 1 yr., \$4.50; all Pan American Postal Union countries and Philippines, 1 yr., \$6.00; Great Britain and Ireland, 1 yr., \$8.00; all other countries, 1 yr., \$7.50.

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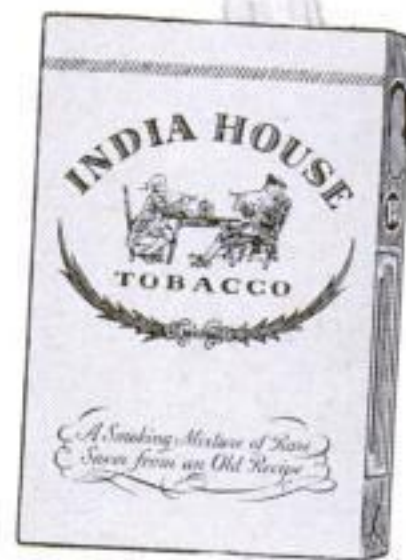
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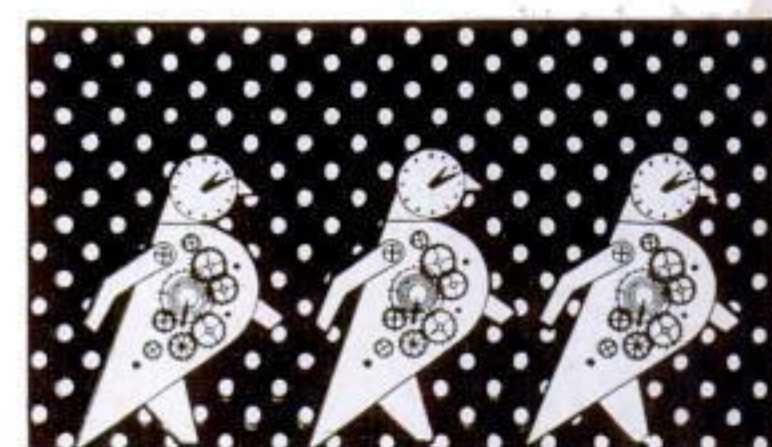
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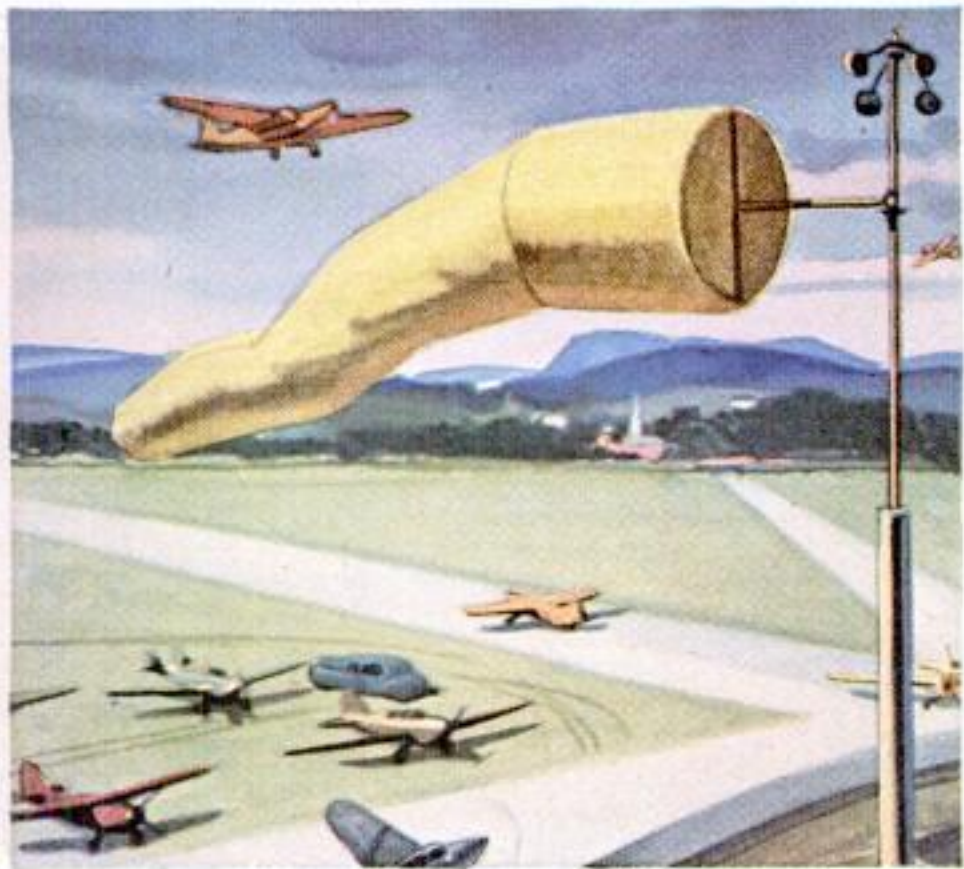
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Du Pont makes the nylon fibers used in the products shown. The manufacturers of these products use nylon because products made with nylon can have these outstanding properties:

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- ✓ ELASTICITY
- ✓ TOUGHNESS
- ✓ RESILIENCE
- ✓ FAST DRYING
- ✓ CAN BE "SET" TO HOLD SHAPE

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...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

TO MANUFACTURERS: Are there textile fibers in your product? Then you'll want to read "Nylon Textile Fibers in Industry." Write for it now!

NEW! FREE book for women, teachers, students—"About Du Pont Nylon." Write to Nylon Division, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington 98, Del.



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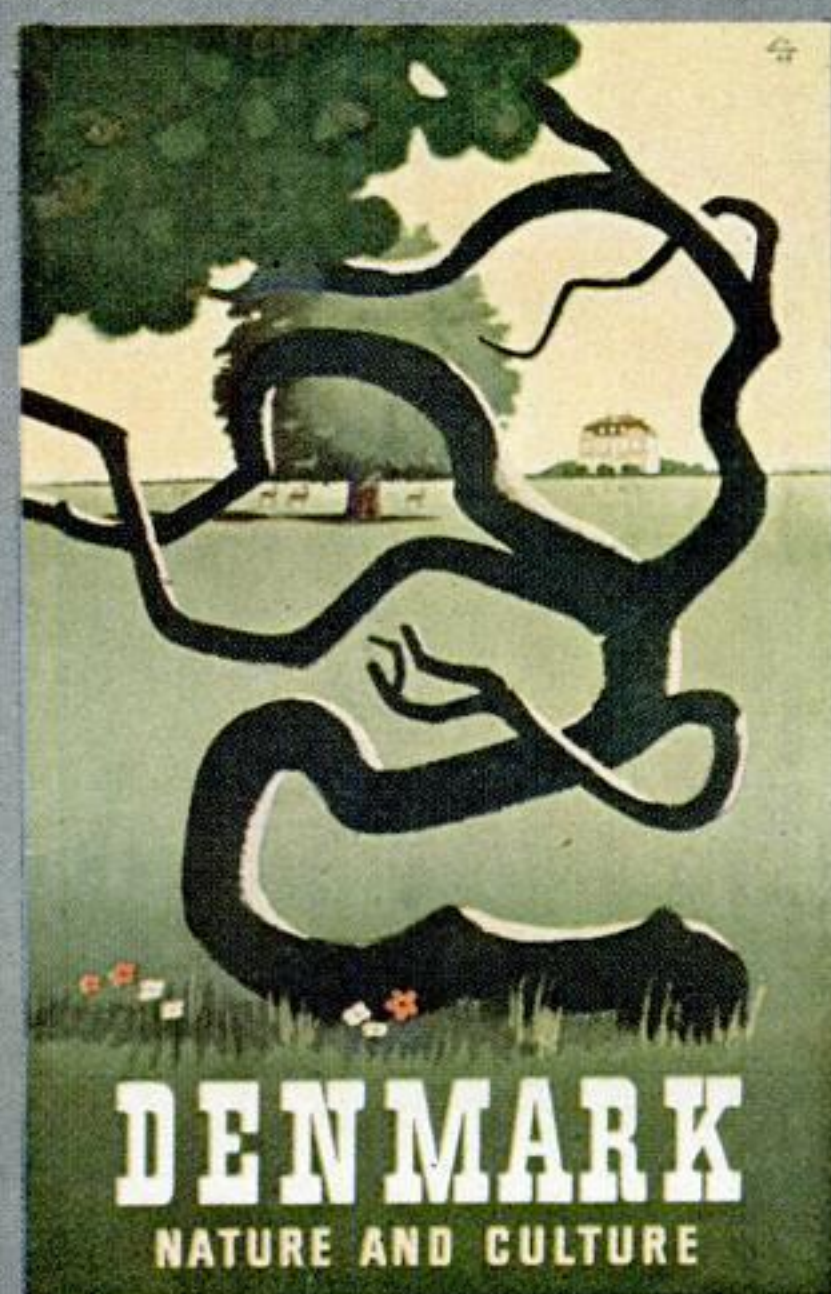
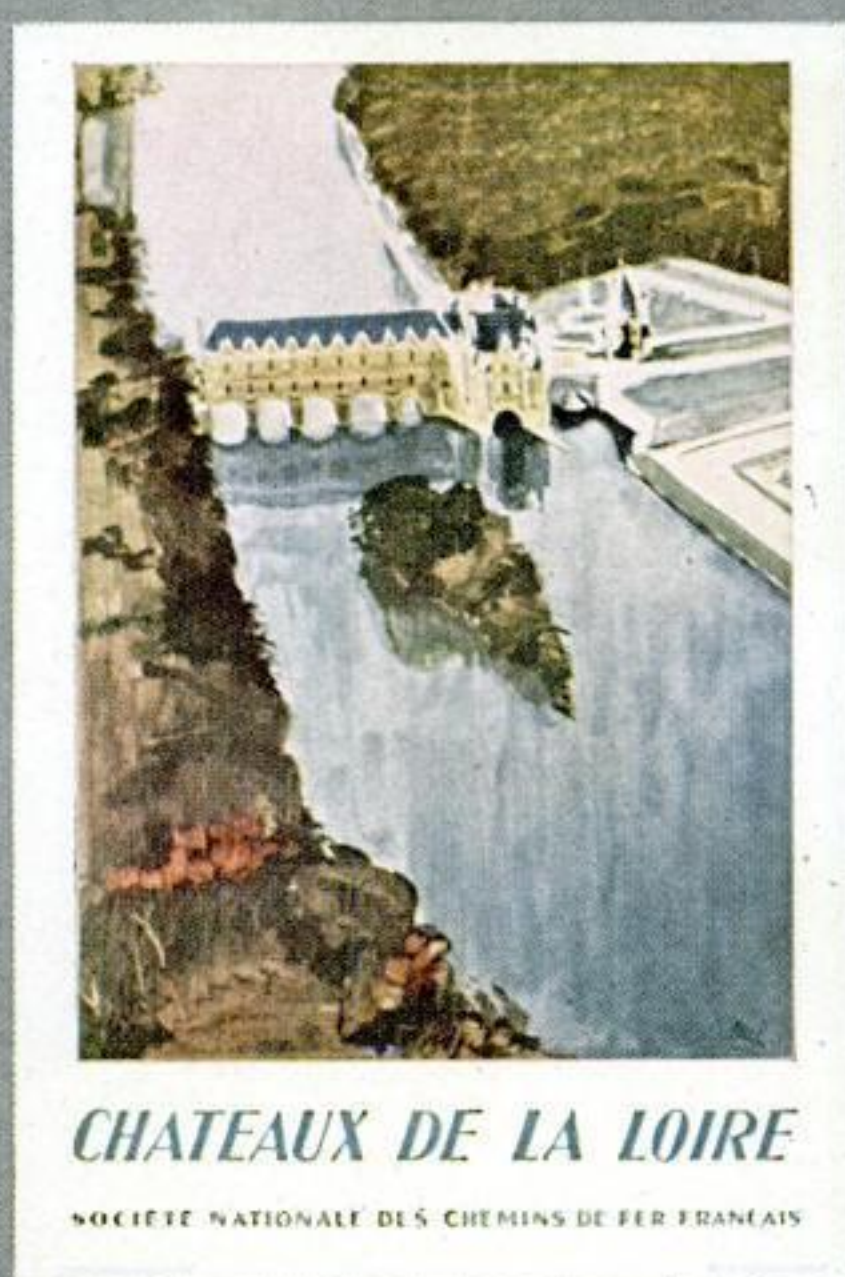


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FOR NYLON... FOR RAYON... FOR FIBERS TO COME... LOOK TO DU PONT



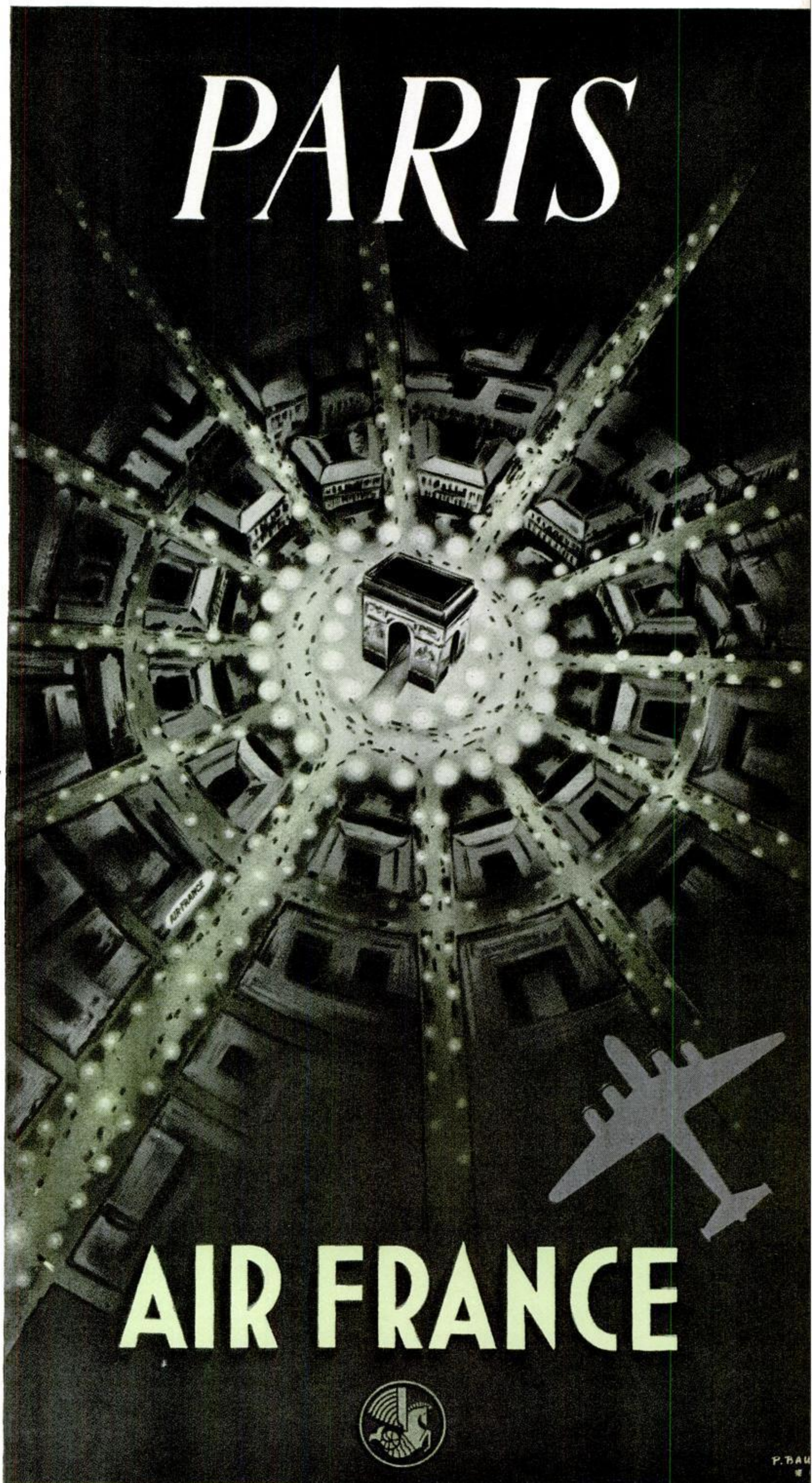
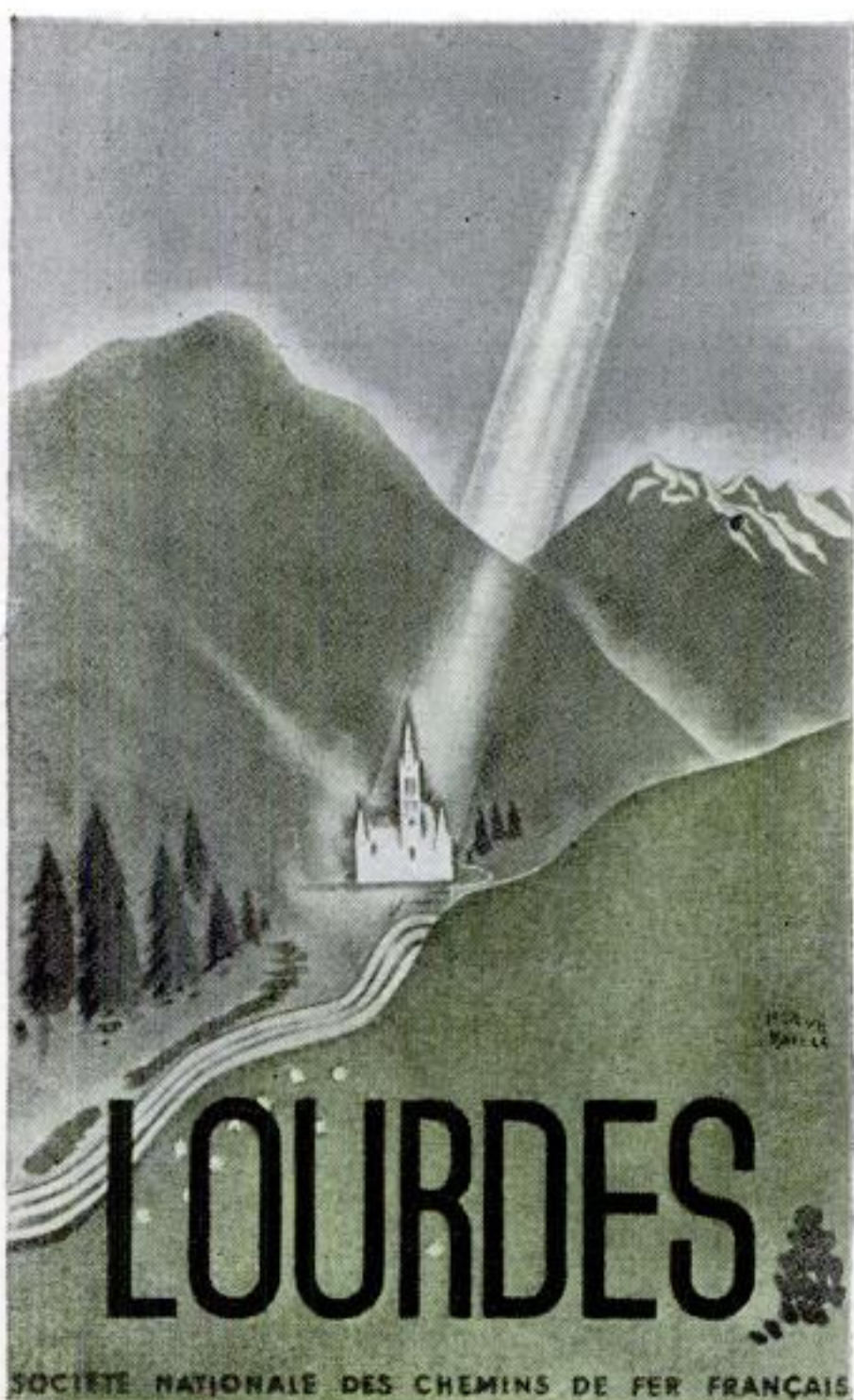
SPEAKING OF PICTURES

... TRAVEL POSTERS LURE RESTLESS U.S.

This is the time of year when U.S. travel agencies and shop windows blaze bright as pansy beds with the colors of the Côte D'Azur, the Danish meadows and Swiss mountain slopes, as portrayed on Europe's perennially handsome travel posters. As usual their aim is to lure the American tourist dollar, and the various countries have spent sizable sums on the posters to help do it. The French ones (*right and below*) cost 12¢ and 40¢ each; the Swedish, about 27¢, and the Swiss, whose gambling lamb (*page opposite*) is perhaps the most engaging of all, 50¢.

In the heart of a restless America these posters will inspire greater wistfulness than since before the war because this summer Europe is once more ready to receive tourists in quantity and style. No war immediately threatens, food is more plentiful, especially for visitors, transportation and hotel service are close to normal.

To the visitor Europe this year offers not only its age-old attractions of romantic scenery, historic sites, wonderful food, gay entertainment and bargains in luxury items, but also the Olympic games in Britain, the Queen's Golden Jubilee celebration in Holland, fairs in Belgium and an International Jazz Festival, among other things, in Italy. Nothing else that France may conjure up can, of course, match its lode-star, Paris. But this year something else has been added: strong efforts have been made to convince French inn- and shopkeepers that all Americans are not millionaires and that consequently prices should be kept within reason.



HER LOVE WAS PITFALL...
TO THE ONLY MAN SHE DIDN'T
WANT TO HURT...

REGAL FILMS Presents

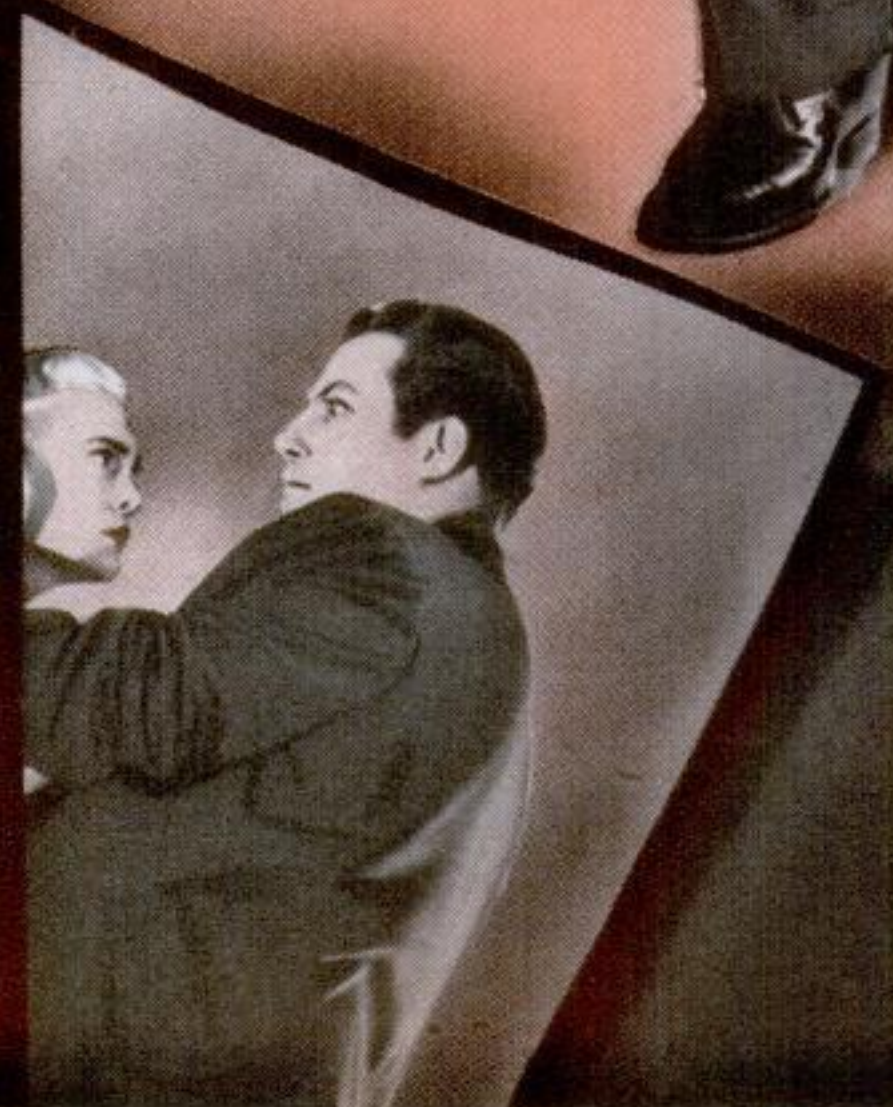
DICK LIZABETH
POWELL·SCOTT
in
"PITFALL"

WITH
JANE WYATT

AND
RAYMOND BURR · BYRON BARR · JOHN LITEL
ANN DORAN · JIMMY HUNT · SELMER JACKSON

Based on the Novel "The Pitfall" by Jay Dratler
Screenplay by Karl Kamb

Directed by
ANDRE DE TOTH
Produced by
SAMUEL BISCHOFF
Released thru United Artists



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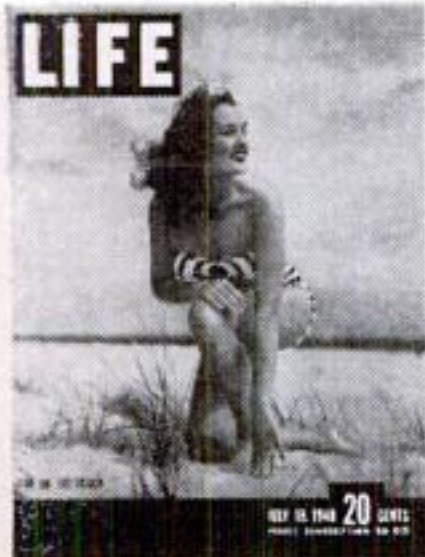
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LIFE'S COVER

The kneeling girl on LIFE's cover this week is Libby Dean, a 21-year-old New York drama student. One of Miss Dean's hobbies is designing bathing suits from almost any material handy. The one she wears on the cover was cut from a beach towel. She has fashioned others from old sweaters, scarves, shower curtains and tablecloths. But before she risks wearing her flimsy creations for any really strenuous beach fun (pp. 64-71), Miss Dean wisely tries them out in rough surf on a deserted beach. To date she hasn't lost a single suit to the waves.



The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

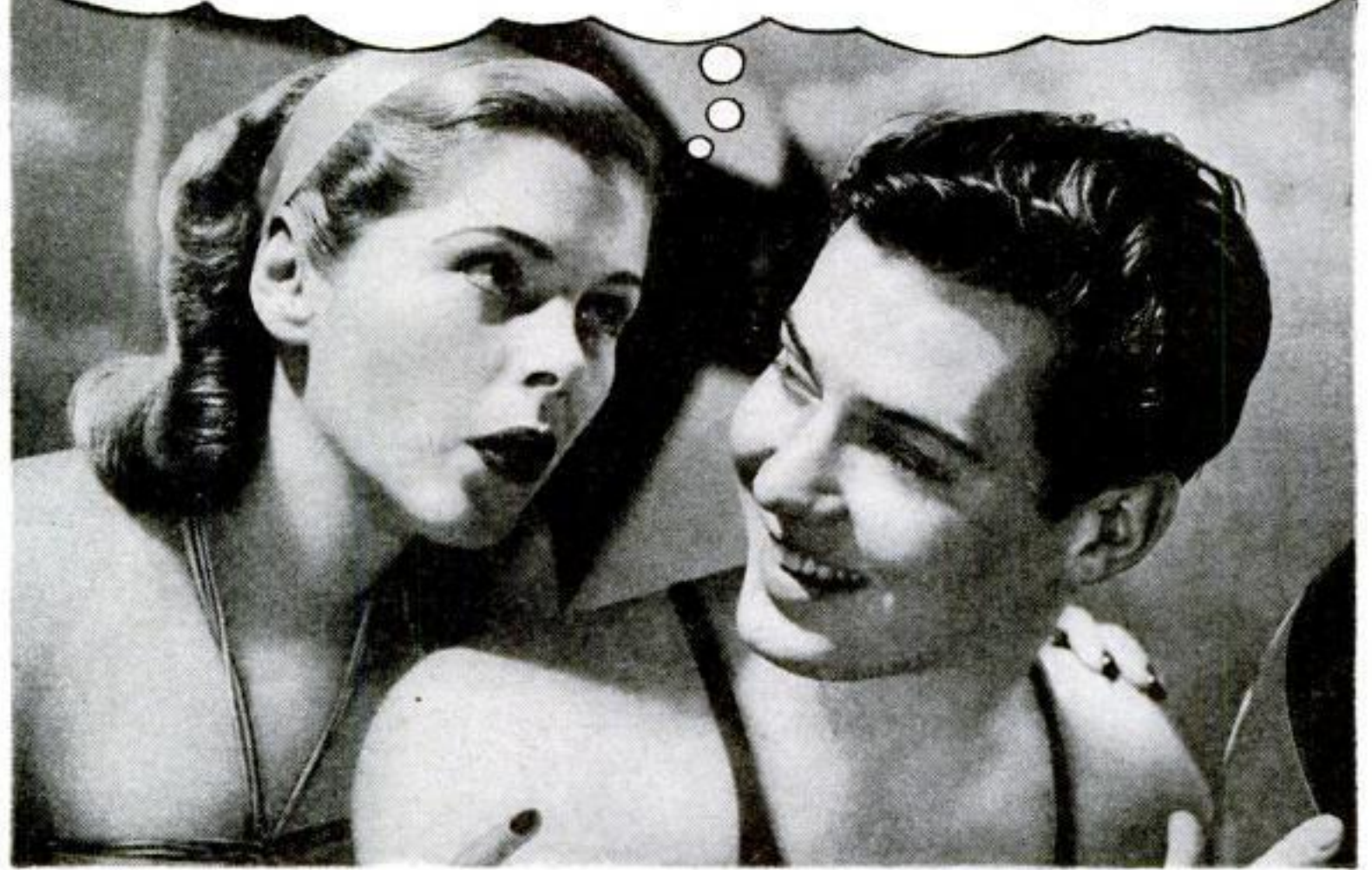
COVER—MICHAEL LAVELLE

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12—PAGANO
17—EDWARD CLARK
18-19—EDWARD CLARK, LEONARD McCOMBE—JOE SCHERSCHER—H. G. WALKER, LEONARD McCOMBE
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39—EILEEN DARBY FROM G.H.
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52—BRASSAI—COURTESY THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART
53—FERNAND BOURGES COURTESY WRIGHT LUDINGTON
54, 55—LT. FERNAND BOURGES COURTESY MR. &

MRS. LEO GLASS—FERNAND BOURGES; RT. FERNAND BOURGES COURTESY PHILLIPS MEMORIAL GALLERY
56—FERNAND BOURGES COURTESY MR. & MRS. SAMUEL A. MARX
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87—MARK KAUFFMAN—FOX PHOTOS FROM BRITISH COMBINE
88—LARRY BURROWS
89—REUTERPHOTO FROM EUROPEAN—WILLIAM J. SUMITS
90, 91, 92—BERNARD HOFFMAN

ABBREVIATIONS: EXC., EXCEPT; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; EUROPEAN, EUROPEAN PICTURE SERVICE; G.H., GRAPHIC HOUSE; INT., INTERNATIONAL. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS IS EXCLUSIVELY ENTITLED TO THE USE FOR REPUBLICATION WITHIN THE U.S. OF THE PICTURES PUBLISHED HEREIN ORIGINATED BY LIFE OR OBTAINED FROM THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... GOOD-LOOKING ENOUGH to catch a gal's eye ... until she notices his hair. Summer sun and drying breezes sure make it dry and lifeless looking ... loose dandruff, too! He's got Dry Scalp ... and how! I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



HIS HAIR looks better, now that he uses 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! You, too, can have better-looking hair by using just a few drops a day. It checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements natural scalp oils ... contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care ... to both scalp and hair ... and is more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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IN THE INFIELD OF DYCHE STADIUM FRANCIS DELANEY'S ENORMOUS MUSCLES SEND THE SHOT HURLING 55 FEET 1 3/4 INCHES, TWO FEET OVER OLYMPIC RECORD

THE U.S. PICKS A STRONG OLYMPIC TEAM

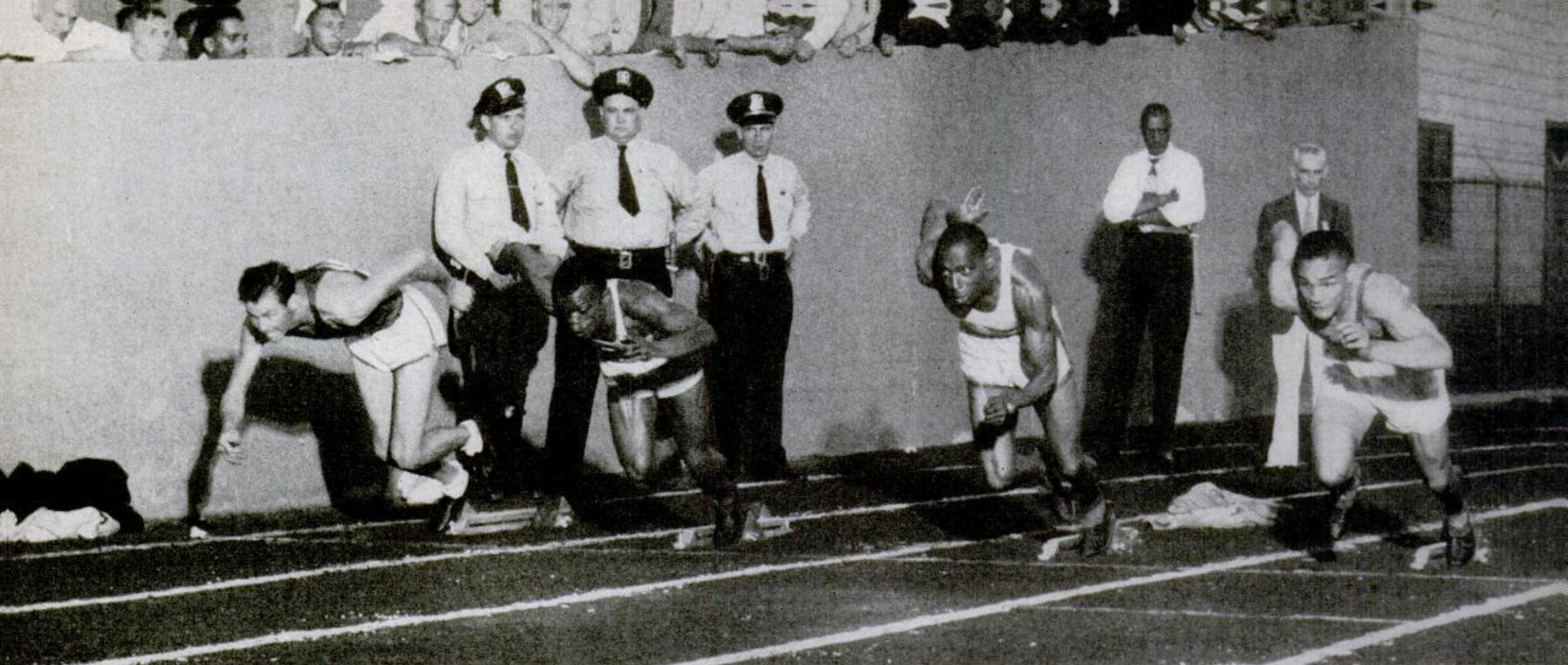
To Evanston, Ill. on July 9 and 10 came the finest track and field athletes in America, meticulously and tirelessly trained for one of the most coveted opportunities in sports. Each sought to represent the U.S. in the XIV Olympiad to be held at London from July 29 through August 14—the first Olympics since World War II. In Northwestern University's Dyche Stadium 185 young men tried to muscle their way onto the Olympic boat; even a third place at Evanston was good for a trip to England. Only a select 50 made it.

The trials were not an unalloyed success; for

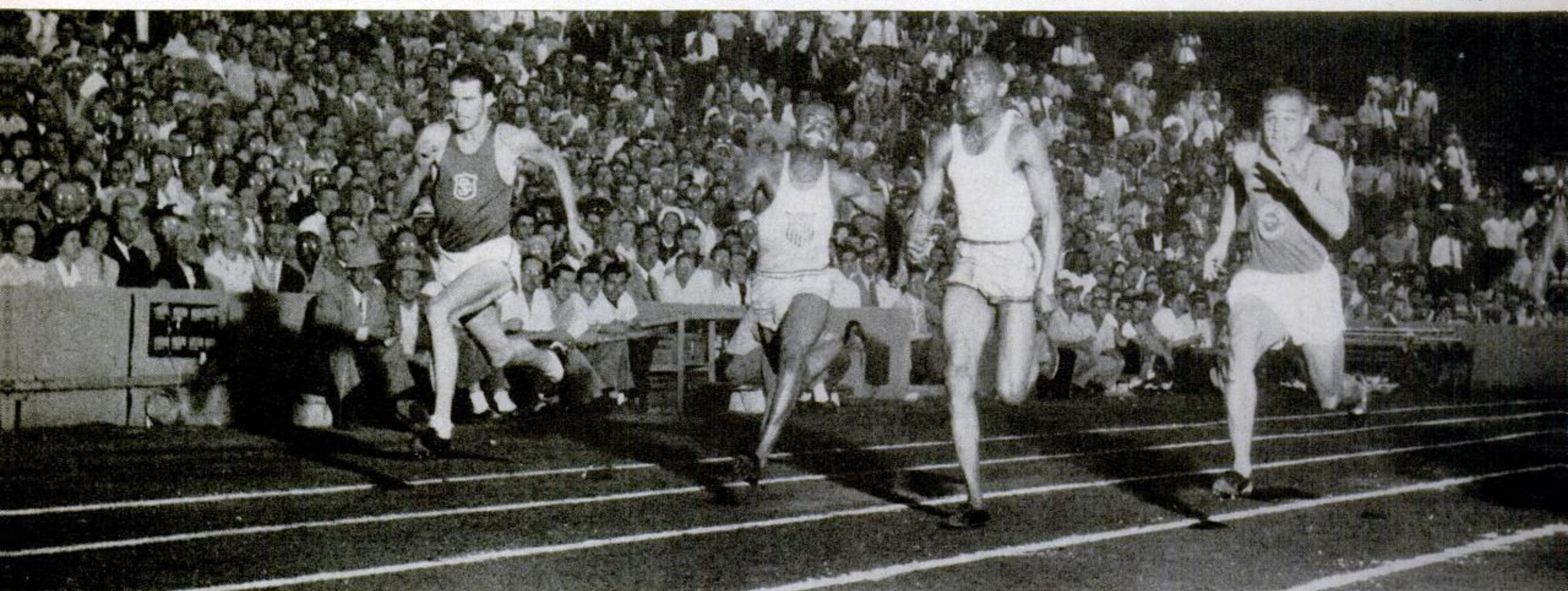
one thing, their sponsor, the *Chicago Daily News*, which guaranteed \$60,000 to help send the team abroad, lost about \$5,000. Moreover, there were three disappointments in the make-up of the 1948 team. Gilbert Dodds, the top U.S. 1,500-meter runner, pulled a tendon and had to drop out, losing his chance to compete at London. Charles Fonville, world record-holder in the shot put, had a lame back and failed to qualify, although Francis Delaney (*above*), a San Francisco mathematics teacher, immediately replaced him as the favorite to win an Olympic championship. Most astound-

ing was the failure of the great Harrison Dillard to qualify for the 110-meter Olympic hurdles (*p. 21*).

Nonetheless, in overall strength the American team is probably the equal of any in U.S. Olympic history. It is formidable in the hurdles, weights and jumps and weak only in the long distances. Winners at Evanston bettered the Olympic record in seven out of the 17 events and equaled it in an eighth. Although there is no Olympic team championship, last week's performances indicated that U.S. athletes would as usual top the 61 competing nations in the unofficial point scores.

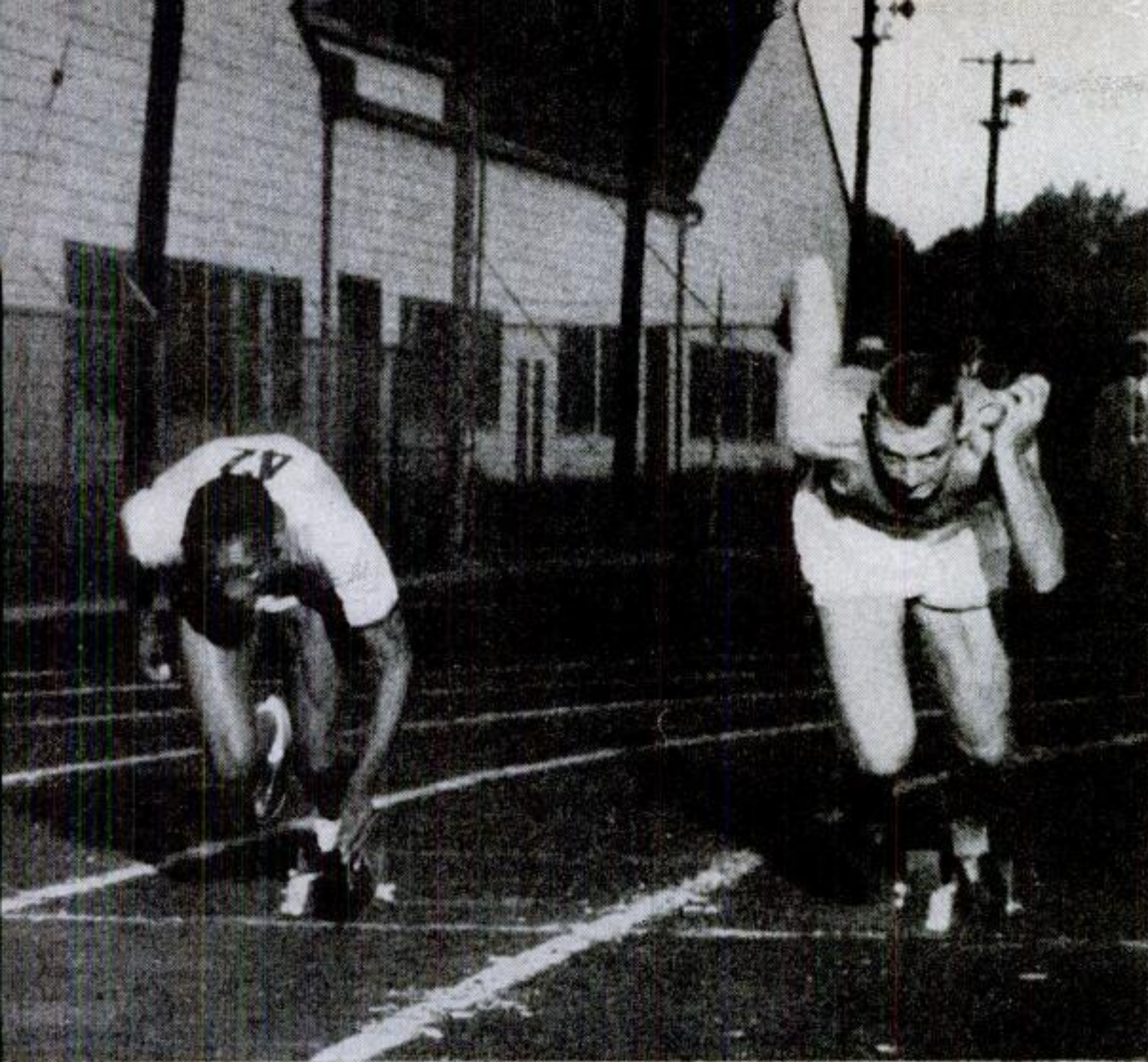


THE FINAL 100-METER RACE BEGINS AS THE SIX SPRINTERS SPRING AWAY EVENLY FROM THEIR STARTING BLOCKS. THEY ARE (LEFT TO RIGHT) MEL PATTON, BILL



SEVENTY METERS LATER EWELL IS IN THE LEAD AND MATHIS IS ALREADY SHOWING THE PAIN IN HIS LEG. BELOW, EWELL BREAKS THE TAPE JUST AHEAD OF PATTON.





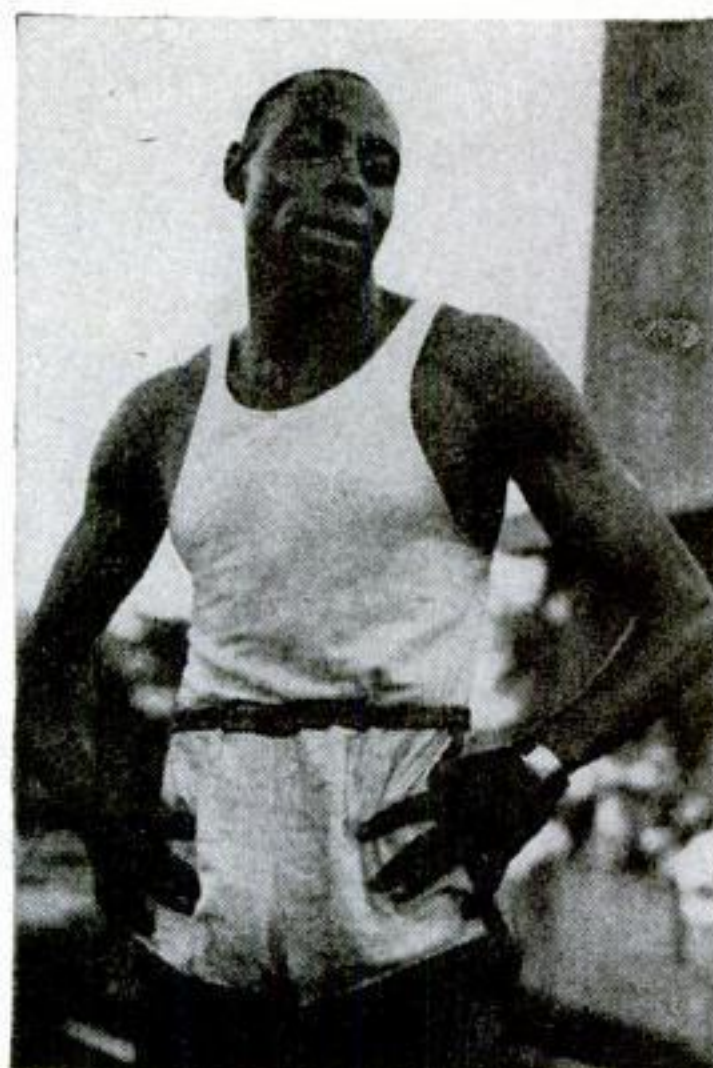
MATHIS, BARNEY EWELL, EDDIE CONWELL, HARRISON DILLARD AND DON CAMPBELL



MATHIS, TORTURED BY HIS LEG, HAS AT THIS MOMENT STARTED TO COLLAPSE.



THE 100 METERS RESULTS IN UPSET AND A DRAMATIC FINISH-LINE FALL



AFTER THE RACE EWELL IS EXHAUSTED

The glamor race of the Olympics is always the 100-meter dash. Out of this event in the Evanston trials came a surprise winner, the veteran Henry Norwood ("Barney") Ewell, who ran the greatest race of his track career to tie the world's record of 10.2 seconds. Out of it also came the revealing set of photographs at left, which were made by three LIFE photographers who were stationed along the course.

Although Ewell already possessed a chestful of U.S. collegiate and A.A.U. medals, few people expected him to win last week. For one thing, he was 30 years old; his big Olympic chance seemed to have passed him by during the war years. For another thing, he had to run against the University of Southern California's long-legged Mel Patton, who earlier this year had set an unofficial world record by running the 100-yard dash in 9.3 seconds.

One person who did not believe Mel Patton to be the world's fastest human was "Barney" Ewell himself, who got his boyhood nickname because he used to sing *Barney Google* while shining shoes on the streets of Lancaster, Pa. Now an iron foundry worker with ambitions to become a soft shoe dancer, he got a leave from his job a month ago to get in shape for the Olympic trials. It was not much trouble. Ewell had never been really out of shape. Married and the father of a 15-month-old son, he had been working in the daytime and running at night, sometimes hitchhiking 68 miles to Philadelphia to compete in track meets.

To qualify for the 100-meter finals last week Ewell first had to run in a trial heat. He won it handily. An hour later came the big race. Ewell shucked off his sweat clothes and crouched down in lane 4 between Eddie Conwell and Bill Mathis, two men against whom he had raced many times. Ewell had always been a notoriously slow starter, but this time he got away well (*top, left*). And there was no catching him. Thirty meters from the finish he had the race virtually won, just as Mathis began to show signs of distress (*center, left*). Ewell broke the tape a half stride ahead of Mel Patton (*bottom, left*), just before Mathis collapsed in agony. Then, having realized a 10-year Olympic ambition, he hustled back in the true sporting tradition to bend anxiously over the fallen Mathis (*below*).

AS MATHIS WRITHES ON CINDER TRACK, WINNER EWELL TRIES TO COMFORT HIM



CONTINUED ON
NEXT PAGE



UPSIDE-DOWN POLE VAULTER Harry Cooper starts a headlong plunge toward the runway when his pole snaps in two just as he is twisting up toward the bar. Cooper

managed to land right side up in edge of tanbark pit, suffered only a scraped knee. He was soon at it again, but could do no better than fifth place with a vault of 14 feet, $\frac{1}{8}$ inch.



UPSET VICTIM Dillard congratulates Hurdles Winner William Porter (*right*), who bettered the Olympic record.

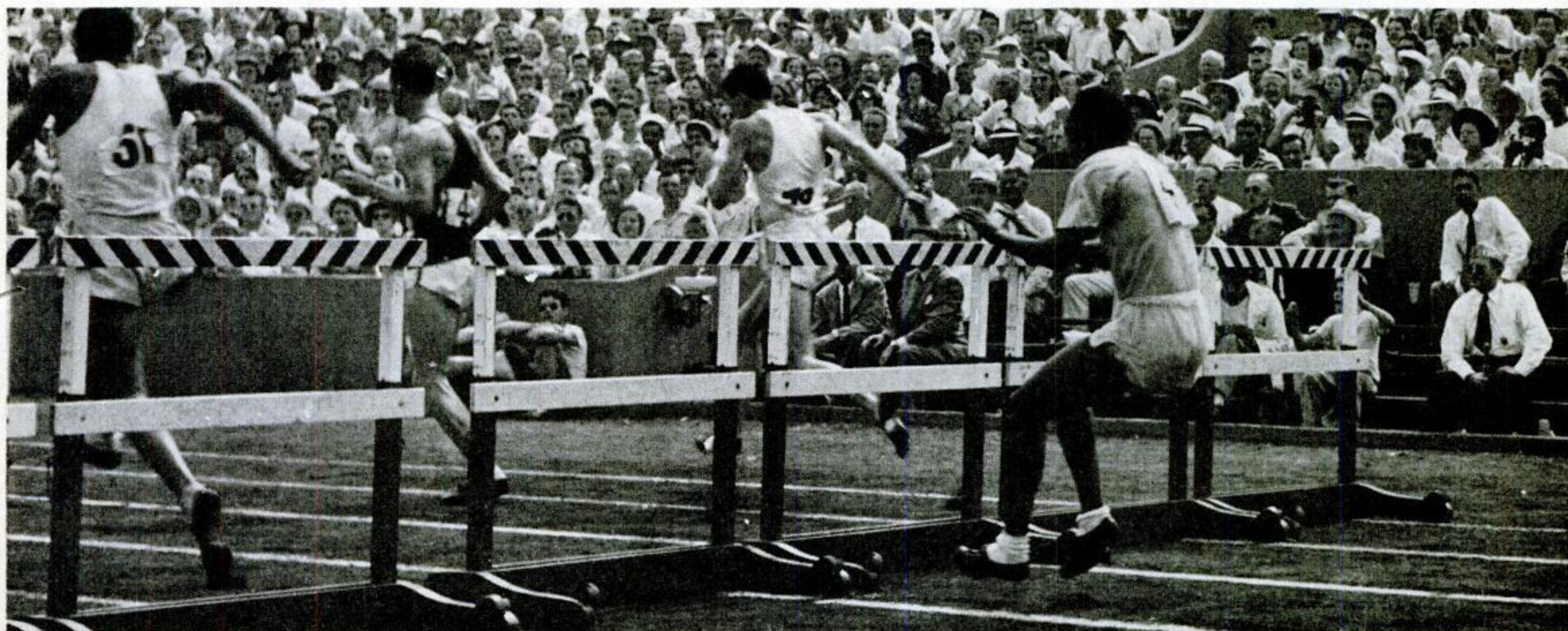
BAMBOO POLE COLLAPSES AND SO DOES A FAVORITE

Although the men competing in Dyche Stadium were the nation's best and many of them were the world's best, the meet produced no routine round of expected triumphs. There were spectacular spills, especially when vaulters' poles broke (*opposite*). There were moments of drama, as when Richard Morcom soared gracefully over a 14-foot, 8-inch bar to break the Olympic record and win the pole vault (*right*). But one of the most exciting moments of the meet came in the 110-meter hurdles when the favorite, Harrison Dillard, stopped right at the seventh hurdle (*below*), did not even finish the race. If he had not placed third in the 100-meter dash, he would not have gone to London at all.



POLE VAULT WINNER Richard ("Boo") Morcom scrapes over a height officially measured as 14 feet 8 $\frac{1}{8}$

inches to better Olympic record. The second place winner cleared the same height, but took more tries to do it.



THE FAVORITE LOSES at this crucial moment in the 110-meter hurdles. Twenty-four-year-old Harrison Dillard of Baldwin-Wallace College had already broken the world's

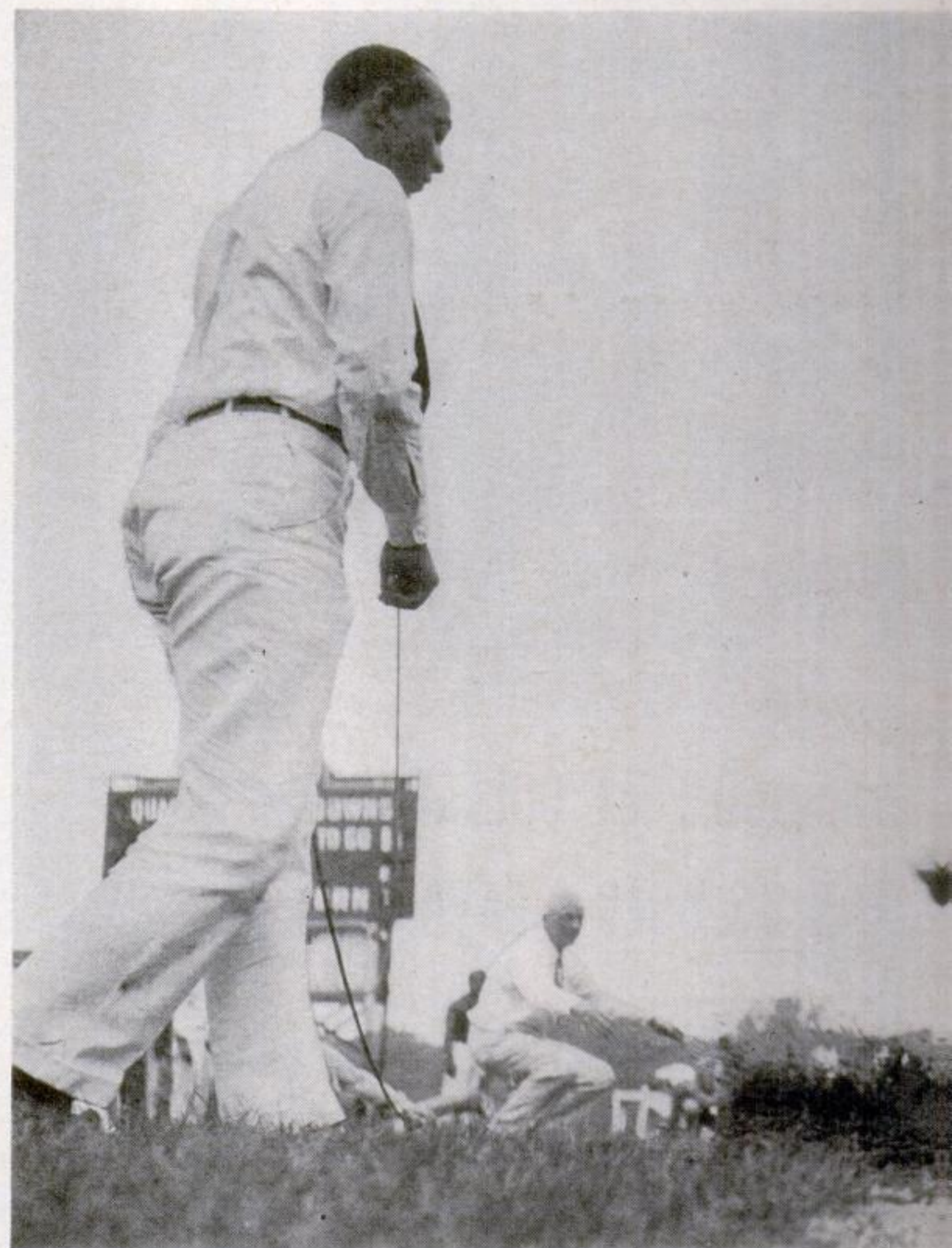
record in this event in April, 1948. But in Dyche Stadium he knocked over the second hurdle, the fourth, fifth and sixth. Then, at the seventh (*above*), he gave up completely.

Olympic Trials CONTINUED

RECORD PERFORMANCES MAKE U.S.



DISCUS THROWER Fortune Gordien of Minnesota lifts both feet off the ground before letting the platter go. He threw it 166 feet 2 inches at Evanston, better than the Olympic record, but said, "I was lousy." He hopes to hit 180 feet in London games.

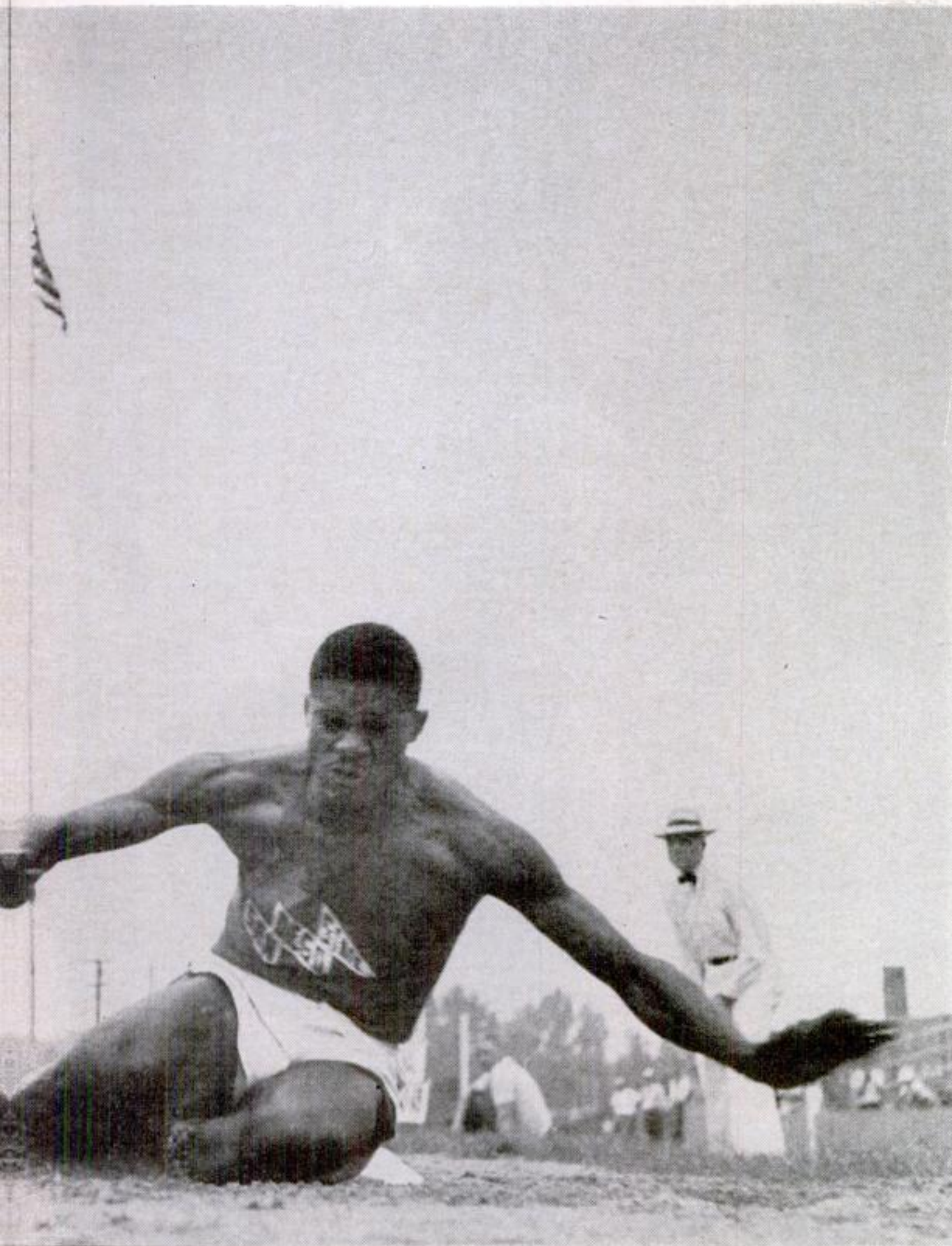


BROAD JUMPER Willie Steele of San Diego State College hits the pit after a mighty leap of 26 feet 10 inches, which would have been a new world's record had he not fouled the takeoff block. Present record is held by Jesse Owens (*left, above*), a judge at last



DOUBLE WINNER, Mal Whitfield of Ohio State, gets a fast start in 400-meter finals. He won that and the 800-meter run with the best times turned in by an American this year. However, Jamaica's Herb McKenley will be 400-meter favorite at London.

HEAVY FAVORITE IN FIELD EVENTS



week's meet. U.S. stands to pile up more points in field events—the jumps, the discus and shot put—than in flat races. Steele and two others jumped more than 25 feet in the trials, indicating that the U.S. may well sweep the first three places at London.



HIGH JUMPER Verne McGrew of Rice Institute clears the bar at 6 feet 8¼ inches, ⅝ of an inch over the Olympic record. George Stanich of Los Angeles cleared same height but McGrew was judged winner because he had fewer failures during jumping.



SPRINTER Mel Patton, shown crouched during a false start, could do no better than second in the 100-meter dash (*pp. 18, 19*) on first day of trials. Next day, though, he came back to win the 200 meters in 20.7 seconds, equalling Jesse Owens' Olympic record.



JAVELIN THROWER Martin Biles was surprise winner with a throw of 225 feet 9 inches, 13 feet short of Olympic record. The favorite was Steve Seymour, a Los Angeles osteopath who has thrown the javelin 248 feet. He got third place to make the team.

FOR SOME THE RIGOROUS YEARS OF TRAINING END ONLY IN HEARTACHE



COLLAPSED ON THE GRASS, after 1,500-meter race, Roland Sink has to have his shoelaces cut to get his track shoes off his swollen feet. Sink had been expected to win this race, but he just made third place when Donald Gehrman ran the course in 3:52.2.




DISGUSTED POLE VAULTER, in a fit of pique, sits in the tank and disdainfully flings away handfuls of it after knocking down the bar. The vaulters were given three chances to clear bar at each height, were disqualified when they failed in all three tries.



LAPPED BY THE FIELD, Kurt Steiner, a corporal from Aberdeen Proving Grounds, keeps plugging along in 5,000-meter race before being waved off track. He explained he usually ran in 26-mile races, wanted to see how he could run against "those sprinters."



IGNORED BY PHOTOGRAPHERS, Tarver Perkins, who missed third place in 800-meter race by inches, can hardly hold his head up while Winner Mal Whitfield poses. Perkins then succumbed to exhaustion and nausea, as did many other losers (*opposite*).

A black and white photograph capturing a moment of intense physical and emotional exhaustion. A male distance runner, wearing a light-colored singlet and dark shorts, is crouched low under a set of wooden stadium bleachers. His head is bowed, and his hands are pressed against his knees, suggesting a state of despair or physical pain. The scene is dimly lit, with a single overhead lamp casting a soft glow on the runner and the surrounding structure. The bleachers are made of dark wood, and the background shows the interior of a stadium with concrete pillars and a dark, shadowed area. The overall mood is one of profound fatigue and emotional collapse.

PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY EXHAUSTED, A DISTANCE RUNNER
WHO BARELY MISSED THE OLYMPIC BOAT GOES UNDER THE STANDS
WHERE HE IS WRACKED BY LONG, PAINFUL SPASMS OF SOBBING



A C-47 BRINGING FOOD TO THE BLOCKADED CITY LETS DOWN OVER BERLINERS WATCHING FROM RUINS AT EDGE OF TEMPELHOF FIELD.

Berlin under Siege

Out of the city's ruin and frustration a strong new spirit rises and challenges the West to hold its military and moral position

by EMMET HUGHES

BY CABLE FROM BERLIN

IN the fourth summer of its surrender without peace, Berlin is under siege without guns. Rain washes through the rubble in muddy streams and the city stirs with the memory of old wars, the warning of a new war. The smell of ruin is everywhere in the wet bricks, wet cement dust, wet rusted iron, charred paper and scorched wood. From the skies, gray by day and black by night, comes the steady, insistent roar of hundreds of American and British planes. Their cargo this summer is not blockbusters or phosphorous bombs but tons of dehydrated potatoes, of meat and coal.

This is not the most pleasant moment to think back to that July day just three years ago when American soldiers made their delayed entry into this enemy capital and the armies of the victors, from east and west, joined in triumph. Beyond recall but not beyond remembrance are those days of Eisenhower's wide grin and Zhukov's slow smile at that happy, historic marriage by the Spree. This week when Americans tried a party of their own to celebrate their Independence Day, jittery Berlin *Hausfrauen* saw

the sky aflame, heard the booming rockets and yelled in fear to one another, "It has started again . . . the Americans and the Russians!"

"It" had not started, but East and West were locked in their direst test of strength since they shared their fragile victory. The Soviet siege of Berlin is tight—dangerously tight. Not the smallest detail has been overlooked: the Soviets have prohibited even the supply of horsemeat and dogfood to 70 dogs "traitorously" helping the blind in Berlin's Western sectors. Along the 20-mile-wide air corridor that is the West's only supply route Soviet balloons float menacingly and Yak fighters are in the skies in greater numbers than ever before.

But the West is finding ways to fight back. When the Soviet electricity cut silenced radios in the Western sectors, big sound trucks rolled through the streets to blare the announcement of the Western powers' defiant currency reform. American and British armored cars and jeeps with mounted machine guns keep a slow, steady prow through the rain—on guard, not



OVERCAST WEATHER SLOWED DELIVERIES AND AUTHORITIES WARNED THAT THE GREAT AIR LIFT CANNOT ENTIRELY SUPPLY THE CAPITAL

for the Nazi "werewolves" of three years ago but for Red revolutionaries in Soviet army trucks.

The air lift has become an air armada. Through the mists over Gatow and Tempelhof Airfields, British Yorks and Dakotas and American C-47s and C-54s nose down to the runways, often at four-minute intervals. Wannsee has been cleared of pleasure craft, and Sunderland flying boats trouble its smooth waters every hour. By now the planes are passing overhead hundreds of times a day. In the crowded lunchroom at Tempelhof quiet, tired American pilots grab coffee and a sandwich between flights, and one murmurs good-humoredly, "When I get back from this one, I'm gonna be a goddam Houdini. They aren't gonna find me for a long time." Outside, on the edge of the field, a ragged German crowd gathers between rainfalls, and German boys squint through holes in the field fence with the open-mouthed fascination of American kids watching a ball game. A little dark man grins and grunts, "Just like the Luftwaffe."

Everywhere the past peers out of Berlin's ruins. It is as though the Soviet siege had turned the clock back three years. Never more dead and silent were Berlin's great railroad stations, with empty freight cars idle on sidings and wispy white flowers sprouting under the rain among the rusting tracks. The city still reminds you of a toy town petulantly wrecked by some monster child: cars in the streets crushed by an angry heel, brick houses kicked into sprawling heaps, church steeples slapped away with a savage swish of the hand.

"So this is Siegfried"

SIEGFRIED has not changed. He is the same scrawny, dirty kid, a little older now, who showed GIs through the ruins of the Reich Chancellery and made them laugh when he asked for a piece of chewing gum "for my mother." He's still there, and we had a long talk last week, stretched on

the ground by the edge of the scum-covered pool in the chancellery gardens.

He is 19 now and of course hasn't seen a school room for six years. He was born in Flatow in what is now Polish territory, joined the Nazi Youth at 10 (as he had to), and at 14, in the fourth year of the war, got a clerical job in the town hall. In the first weeks of 1945 Siegfried heard the first Russian guns closing in and he and his mother, a widow, eventually made their way to Berlin. Their aunt had vanished and they moved into her burned-out flat, which consisted of one small room and a kitchen where the bathroom used to be. Then came April 1945, bringing the Russians and rumors of their barbaric terror. Siegfried still remembers the German lieutenant and a sergeant hanging from a tree near his aunt's apartment, with a sign the SS had tied around their broken necks: "We failed to stick with our antitank guns as our Führer has ordered."

Siegfried went to work in a rubble-collecting company ("thirty-five marks a week—good for one loaf of bread on the black market . . ."). These were the wild days when the men from Mongolia came to almost every house for a woman or a piece of pretty cloth and might be distracted by an electric light switch or a doorlock or a toilet in which they could stand barefooted and exultantly cheer the gurgling water and splash it on their dark and wondering eyes.

Then we of the West came parading into Berlin and changed Siegfried's life. Now he became a guide for all the Yanks and Tommies who wanted to see Hitler's famous balcony, the gutted halls of state and the bunker grave. Cigaretts, marks and an occasional wonderful dollar bill warmed Siegfried's calloused palm. Business boomed when he could chisel away the mosaics on the doors and sell them as chessboards to American officers for two packs of Chesterfields apiece. And the new life rose to a climax last

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



SAUDI ARABIAN TRIBESMEN, BRANDISHING RIFLES, FOLLOW ROYAL CAVALCADE BEARING KING ABDULLAH AND KING IBN SAUD FROM AIRPORT NEAR RIYADH TO CITY

TWO ARAB KINGS END AN OLD FEUD

The month-old truce in the Holy Land ended last week in failure for U.N. Mediator Count Folke Bernadotte and in blood and gunfire for the Jews and Arabs. The Arab League rejected the U.N. appeal for extension of the truce (Israel had accepted) and Trans-Jordan's Arab Legion resumed its attack on the new Jewish state. So did the lesser forces of Egypt and the irregulars under Fawzi Bey.

King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan had made good use of the truce period. Because he controls the most effective Arab army, the British-trained Arab

Legion, rival Arab rulers have been suspicious of his ambitions. During the truce Abdullah greatly strengthened his position in the Arab world by ending his old feud with King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia.

On June 25 Trans-Jordan's king flew across the border, through a fierce desert sandstorm, to invite Ibn Saud's cooperation in the Palestine war. The two kings had never met before, but they had hated each other cordially ever since Ibn Saud ousted Abdullah's family from the Hejaz throne 24 years ago. Now these old foes greeted each other like long-

separated brothers (*opposite*).

From the airport near Riyadh, Ibn Saud's little-known desert capital, they drove to the palace through swirling thousands of cheering, rifle-carrying Bedouins (*above*). For three ceremonial days the two kings talked and feasted while LIFE Photographer David Douglas Duncan, the only non-Moslem correspondent present, made the photographs on these pages. Then they issued a communiqué pledging a joint fight for Arab independence and control in Palestine, and Abdullah flew happily away.



WESTERN FOOD is served the two kings (foreground, backs to camera, Ibn Saud at left) at a banquet tendered by the Crown Prince Amir Saud, sitting at Abdullah's right.



EASTERN POETRY is recited to kings in the garden after the banquet. Court poet said of two royal houses "... They are the roaring lions and the suns at forenoon. ..."



ABDULLAH AND IBN SAUD, meeting for the first time in their lives at the Riyadh airport, walk hand in hand to one of the royal cars. Carpets were laid at airport from

Ibn Saud's luxurious tent to the runway where Abdullah's plane landed and to waiting automobiles. After this initial display of emotion the kings were friendly but impassive.

GENERAL IKE'S "NOs" THEY SUGGEST OUR POLITICAL MORALITY HAS IMPROVED

"If forced to choose between the White House and the penitentiary for four years, I would choose the penitentiary," said General William Tecumseh Sherman in 1864. Twenty years later, the year in which he made his famous "If nominated I will not accept" statement, the same General Sherman said he would account himself "a fool and a madman and an ass to embark" on any such job as the presidency. Although cynics have pointed out that the general couldn't very well chisel in on political territory already pre-empted by his brother, Senator John Sherman of Ohio, the two Sherman refusals have served the cause of truth and constancy as a refulgent example throughout the years. It has been a commentary on the low estate of the average 20th Century public figure's word that one has had to go all the way back to Sherman for an image of real verbal integrity.

Last week, however, the modern age found its own General Sherman—and perhaps this is a sign that our public morality is looking up. General Ike Eisenhower's steadfast "No" to the attempt to draft him as Democratic nominee for the presidency called attention to his previous emphatic "No" to the Republicans in January. But there is an even earlier "No" in the Eisenhower record. That "No" came on Oct. 28, 1943, when General Ike, sitting in his Algiers headquarters, opened a letter from George Allen containing a news clipping about an American Legion effort to "boost the candidacy of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower for President of the

United States." Mr. Allen's accompanying note was succinct. "How does it feel to be a presidential candidate?" he asked.

The whole business so exasperated Ike that he quickly scrawled across Allen's letter, "B-loney! . . . And I furiously object to the word 'candidate'—I ain't and won't."

Four years later, on Jan 22, 1948, General Ike was still in an "ain't and won't" mood. But this time, unlike cranky General Sherman, he set down his refusal in the patient, considered terms of a mature political philosophy. "It is my conviction," the general wrote to Leonard V. Finder, publisher of the *Manchester, N. H. Leader*, "that the necessary and wise subordination of the military to civil power will be best sustained . . . when lifelong professional soldiers . . . abstain from seeking high political office. . . . In the American scene I see no dearth of men fitted by training, talent and integrity for national leadership. On the other hand, nothing in the international or domestic situation especially qualifies for the most important office in the world a man whose adult years have been spent in the country's military forces."

The U.S. people owe much to General Ike: it took his own special qualities to weld British and American troops into the combat and supply teams capable of seizing the Normandy beachheads. But in his thrice iterated political abnegation the general has done almost as much for his country as in his military victories. The proper relationship between military and civilian was defined long ago, when

General Washington quashed an officers' plot to crown him king. True, Washington became the first president. But, unlike Eisenhower, he had been the leader of a revolution which was an act of civil protest against unjust rule. Washington had spent his adult years as a planter; he was a general by chance, not by professional choice. When professional generals such as Taylor and Grant succumbed to political notions of presidential "availability" in later years, they made a bad fist of it.

Having refused the presidency in the cause of the civilian approach to democracy, General Ike continues to set an example to all civilians. At a recent luncheon for the lagging American Overseas Aid-United Nations Appeal for children, he calmly endorsed the unpopular words of Republican Senator Robert Alphonso Taft: "Eat less." By eating less and sharing more, General Ike said, the individual American can help win the battle for peace, which is a battle on many fronts. General Ike hopes to fight this battle on his own front as president of Columbia University, where he has chosen the sort of peacetime assignment that appealed to General Robert E. Lee, who retired to become head of Washington College in Lexington, Va. Since a good university president must be an amalgam of orator, public conscience, father confessor, publicist, money-raiser, administrator and scholar, General Ike faces an even more challenging assignment than the Battle of Normandy. He deserves a hearty accolade for daring to take it on.

RUSSIAN INVENTORS AN IRONICAL SOVIET CASE FOR UNDIRECTED SCIENTISTS

About a year ago a Soviet professor, A. Zvorykin, came up with the discovery that the telegraph, the radio and the electric light were invented by Russians and not by Samuel Morse, Guglielmo Marconi and Thomas A. Edison as the capitalist world had long supposed. Since Zvorykin's announcement the Russian penchant for claiming everything has become a mania. Henry Wallace, good guy though he is, didn't really pioneer the development of hybrid corn; that neat trick was first turned by a Russian named V. V. Talonov before 1916. And now, just last month, a Professor Viktor Danilevsky of Leningrad has popped up with the discovery that two Russian peasants from Vladimir built the first oil refinery in the world back in 1823. Danilevsky's real shocker, however, is that the Russians, not Mr. Gutenberg or the Chinese, invented the printing press.

Most people in the West will regard the Russian claims with tolerant amusement; Edison, Marconi and Gutenberg are secure on their thrones. Clearly Zvorykin and Danilevsky, who are presumably good Bolsheviks, cannot realize the implications of what they are saying, for if

their contentions are correct it is proof that scientific discovery flourished under the czars as it has never flourished under Stalin. If Zvorykin and Danilevsky had stopped to correlate the alleged Russian inventions with the fact that the czars permitted at least a little freedom to exist, they might have reached an appalling conclusion: state planning, even centralized planning of any kind, and invention don't go together.

Would such a conclusion be true? A British zoologist, Dr. John Randal Baker of Oxford University, has some startling evidence to offer on the point. For the chastening of those who believe in the superplanning of research Dr. Baker points to the singular fact that virtually all of the important discoveries bearing on cancer control, for instance, have been made by scientists who weren't even thinking of cancer. Röntgen and the Curies were investigating X-rays and radium, not the problem of malignant tumors. The treatment for prostatic cancer was a by-product of some totally unrelated lines of research. As Dr. Baker says, "The linking together of a toenail and an umbrella by a

surrealist is scarcely more unpredictable than the linkings that result in big discoveries in science, and no planner could make the right guesses."

Since the Soviets are hardly likely to allow anyone the time and the money to put toenails and umbrellas together, it is fairly certain that the history of Russian invention, which Professors Zvorykin and Danilevsky have found so astounding, has come to a virtual end. But we ourselves are in danger of cultivating the climate that results in the superplanning of scientific research. It is often said that it took the government to create the atomic bomb. But the government merely paid for scientific brains that had already been trained under varied circumstances to think about the ultimate problems of physics. It may be that the current mania for endowing specific institutes to pursue specific lines of research will result in some useful work. But if Dr. Baker is right a more fruitful approach would be to endow physicists, chemists and biologists, and then turn them loose to do what they please with their time and their educations.

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THE PARENTS WAIT

Their four sons who were killed in war are brought home to Utah

In one six-month period during the war Mr. and Mrs. Alben Borgstrom of Garland, Utah lost four sons. All were killed in action, each in a different part of the world. Clyde Borgstrom of the Marine Corps died in the Solomon Islands on March 17, 1944. Elmer Borgstrom of the Army was killed in Italy on June 22. On Aug. 8, Rolon Borgstrom of the Army Air Force was killed over Germany; 17 days later his twin brother Rulon died in France.

Late last month the American Graves Registration Service, still in the process of evacuating far-flung cemeteries, returned the brothers' bodies. At the funeral service there were speeches by George Smith, president of the Mormon church, and by General Clark. The Borgstroms' decorations were presented to their parents. Then the four brothers, home at last, were buried under one stone in a graveyard near the farm where they were born.

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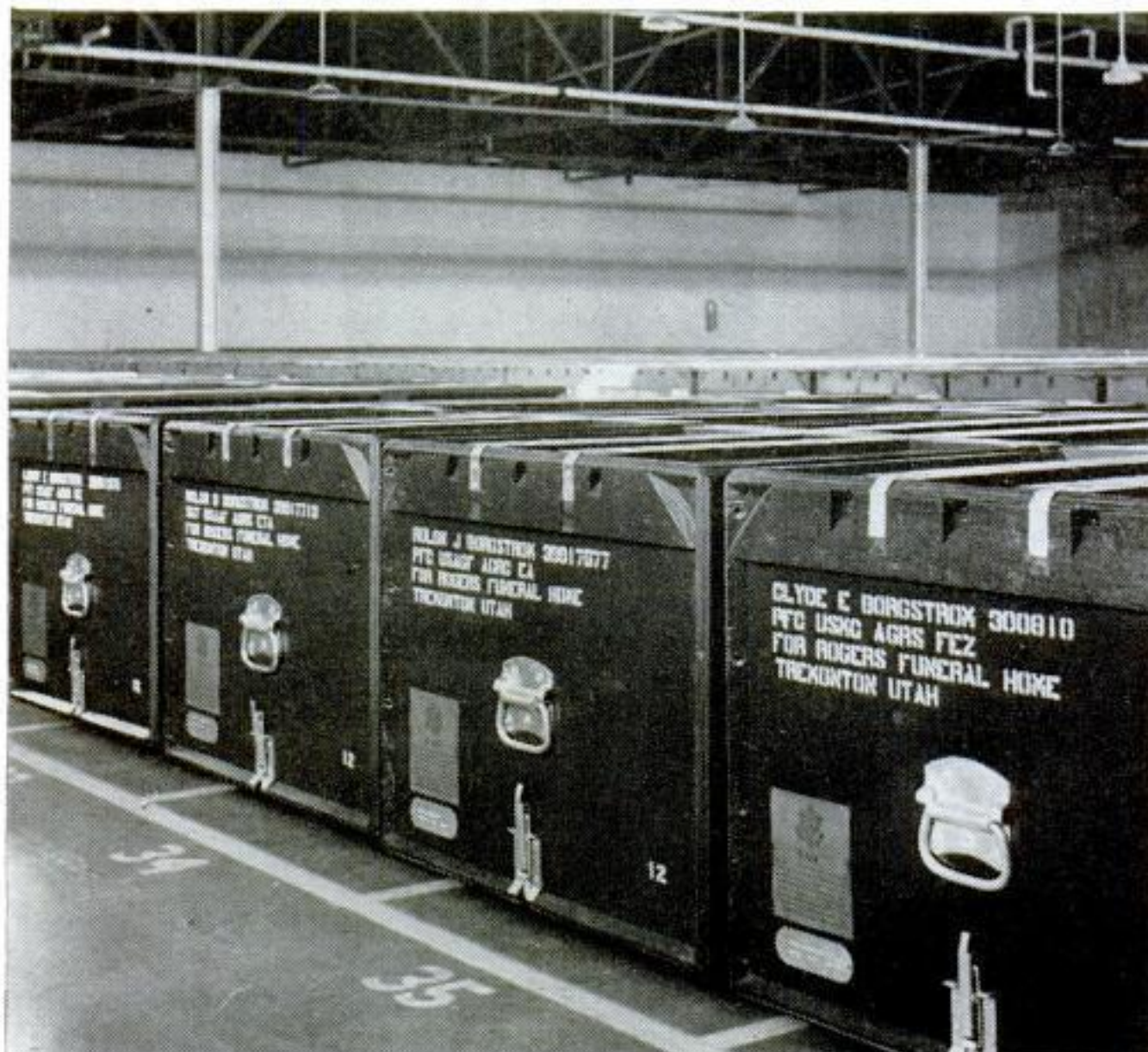
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Four Sons CONTINUED



IN THE QUARTERMASTER DEPOT in Ogden, Utah the four caskets, still inside their wooden protective cases, are brought together for the first time.



IN THE MORMON TABERNACLE General Mark Clark speaks at memorial service at which the Borgstroms' posthumous decorations were presented.



IN THE TABERNACLE ANNEX part of the overflow crowd looks at pictures of the four brothers in uniform and listens to service over loudspeakers.

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NEW GOVERNMENT 6-2-2 FORMULA!
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REPELS INSECTS FROM
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**Once
over and a
clean shave**

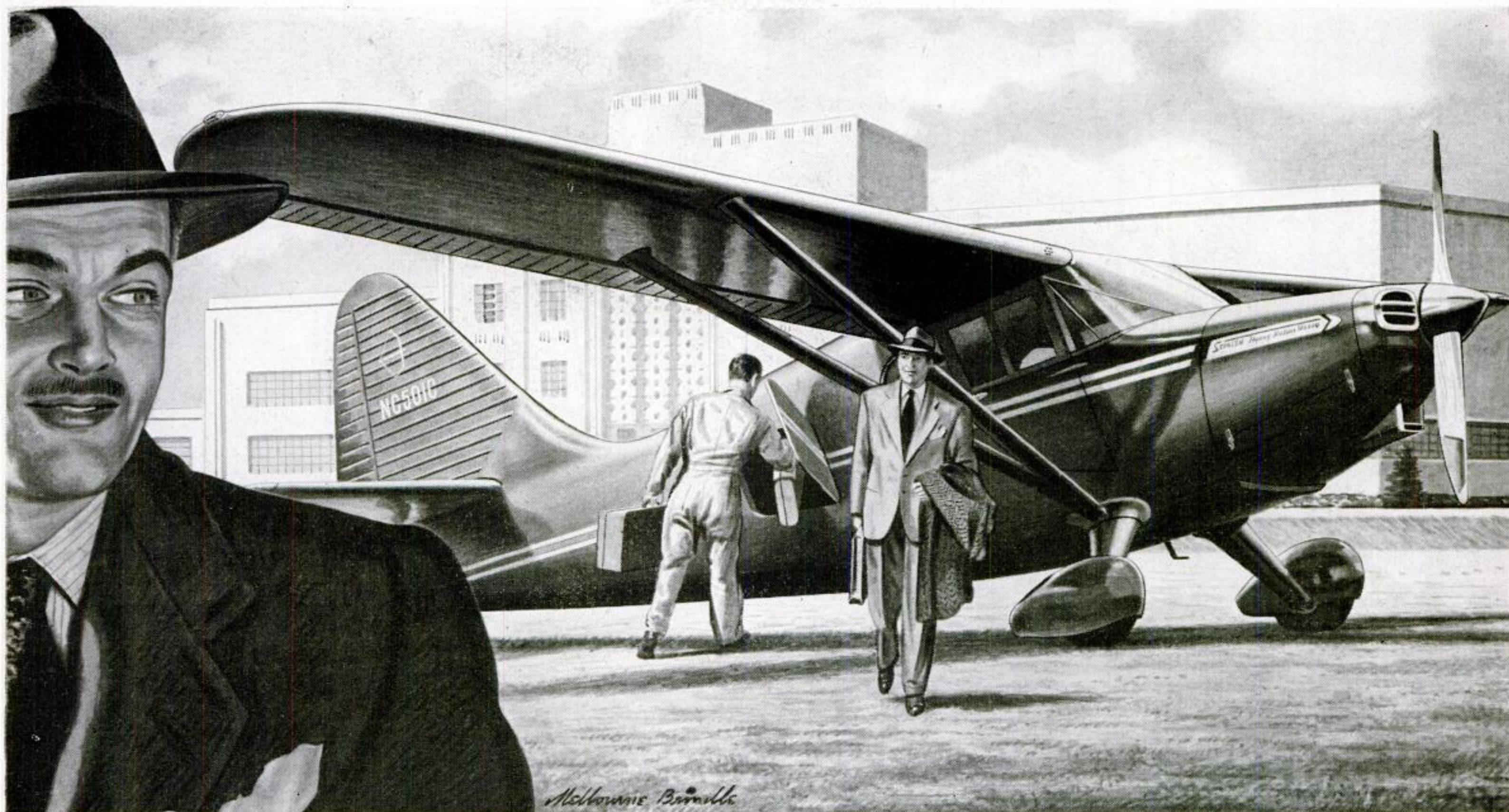
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



Stinson Flying Station Wagon for '48. Carries four people and baggage, or pilot and 640 cargo-pounds.

If you can drive a car, you can learn to fly America's most useful personal plane

IT'S A fact: regardless of your age, you can solo this great Stinson in only about eight hours of easy, pleasurable flying!

That's because Stinson engineers recognized long ago that complete *utility*, in a personal plane, must begin with safe *simplicity of control*.

So they designed this family-size, business-size plane with *fixed wing slots*, to guard against spins. They powered it with a precision-built, *165-horsepower engine*, and equipped it with *flaps*, to assure quick take-offs and slow, short landings. They simplified the controls so that

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Then they made this easy-to-fly Stinson a real *working* plane, with roomy capacity for four people and 100 pounds of luggage, or pilot alone and over a *quarter-ton* (640 pounds, to be exact) of *cargo*. They engineered it to cruise at a quiet 130 miles an hour, at 5,000 feet, with range of 554 miles.

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Will a Stinson pay its own way? Ask these flying business men!



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"Right, honey. If I had a Whizzer, you could have the car. It's only parked all day now. There's Jones . . . he says he gets 125 miles on a gallon on his Whizzer . . ."



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RIDE ONE AND YOU'LL BUY ONE!

Four Sons CONTINUED



INSIDE FUNERAL HOME a major from the Graves Registration Service does his best to comfort Mrs. Borgstrom after her first sight of the four caskets.



AT CEMETERY military pallbearers carry the flag-draped caskets. Escorts were chosen from the same branches of the services as the Borgstrom brothers.

Sleep in silence waken for sure



WAKE UP BRIGHT when you wake up early. Electric Little Tel, quiet as a cloud, soothes you into the deep sound sleep that's really refreshing.



TAKE LITTLE TEL WHEN YOU TRAVEL . . . mighty handy, because its on-the-dot electric alarm keeps on sounding until you wake up and stop it. Tiny size makes it easy to pack.

Right time for years, at a low, low price! This handsome Telechron electric alarm clock brings it to you without winding, or oiling, or regulating. It won't run down, or fast or slow, thanks to the long-life, self-starting Telechron motor that has long been making Telechron electric clocks the most popular in the world. Ivory-colored plastic case. Actual size shown . . . or slightly larger, with control-a-tone alarm you can regulate low or loud, and luminous hands and hour markings . . . jumbo size, with bell alarm and luminous hands and numerals. Telechron Inc., Ashland, Mass. A General Electric Affiliate.

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That's because Hunt's Tomato Sauce is *all* tomato. Already kettle-simmered for you with fine spices.

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And the best food bargain!



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Shepherd's Pie

- 2 cups diced cooked meat
- 1½ cups cooked left-over carrots
- 1½ cups cooked left-over string beans
- 2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
- ½ cup left-over gravy
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- ½ tsp. salt
- 3 boiled potatoes, thickly sliced
- Melted butter or margarine

Mix all ingredients but potatoes and butter or margarine. Place in greased casserole. Brush potato slices with butter or margarine. Arrange in overlapping layer around edge of casserole. Bake in moderate oven (375°F) 30 minutes or until mixture is heated through and potatoes are lightly browned. Makes 4-5 servings.

Hunt-for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Los Angeles, California ... Hunt's Fruits • Vegetables • Tomato Products



A PALOMINO MARE AND HER COLT MEET STANDARD OF BREEDERS: A COAT THE COLOR OF NEWLY MINTED GOLD. THIS MOTHER PALOMINO IS WORTH \$3,500

GOLDEN HORSES

Breeders are trying to produce true strain of valued palominos

The ancient tales about golden horses were long regarded as nothing but pleasant fables. But truth has been restored to the legends with the return of horses which shine like pure gold, the American palominos. Golden horses are freaks which can be born to any breed. But some of the American palominos are descendants of the gold-colored Spanish stallions which were lost in the desert long ago by the early ranchers. In the past 30 years breeders have tried to create a true strain of palominos

and have had some success, as shown by the picture above of the one-day-old colt which was born on the Fisher Farm in Pennsylvania, the country's biggest palomino ranch. Even if perfectly mated, palominos do not always breed true, are likely to produce horses of any color. The beauty of the palominos makes them especially valuable as show horses, and prices for them run up into the thousands. The most valuable of all is the palomino with a coat of pure gold and a long pure-white tail.



Give your taste a change of pace. Ask for Carling's! Light body, mellow flavor, pale gold color, pours to creamy head, dry, clean taste.

Now for a round of Carling's.
Let the Red Cap remind you to call for it.



A BORED, BATTLE-WEARY GI and a prostitute are the principals of the third episode of *Paisan*. She drags him to a rented room where he begins to talk about the

beautiful girl who gave him water six months before during the liberation of Rome. As he talks the prostitute realizes she is the girl but that he does not recognize her.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Paisan

Italian film deals realistically
with the American soldier at war

The best picture made since V-E Day about American soldiers in World War II is the work of an Italian, Roberto Rossellini. *Paisan*, like his *Open City* (LIFE, March 4, 1946), was made with little money and most of the actors are amateurs. It consists of six self-contained episodes with no connection except that each deals with the impact of Americans and Italians on each other as the war crawls bloodily up the length of Italy. The episodes are short and sharp, with abrupt and usually bitter endings. They all see war from the un-

derside, from the mud and the rubble, where high strategy is unintelligible and men only blunder forward as best they can. The cheapening of human values, the hopelessness and irritation and boredom of war underlie every episode and give a terrifying dramatic impact to the whole picture. American audiences can follow the dialog easily (each character speaks his native tongue and most are Americans) and will get a chance to see themselves in an Italian mirror, where they appear as efficient, sentimentally cynical and wholly innocent.

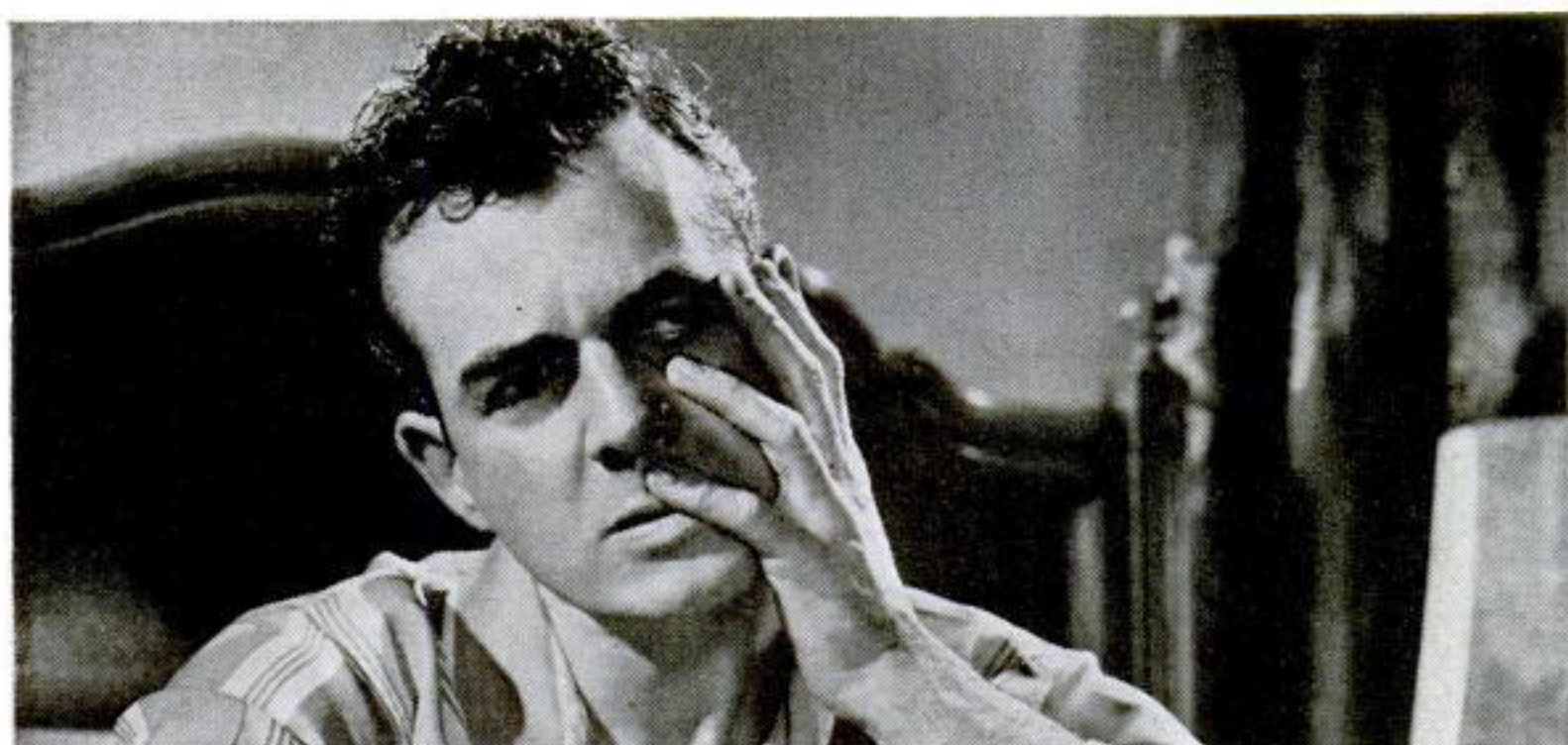


VIOLENCE AND DEATH IN FLORENCE

An American girl who lived in Florence before the war comes back as an Army nurse at a time when half the city is still in German hands. She goes looking for her lover, now a legendary Italian partisan leader, a search (left) that takes her through

the empty palaces and squares and gardens of the terror-stricken city. Crossing the enemy lines through the deserted galleries of the Uffizi museum, she helps drag a dying partisan (right) off the street and learns from him that her lover has been killed.

Men like this will REJOICE!



So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffeine in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED SANKA COFFEE

now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! Yet it's 97% caffeine-free. You can drink it and sleep. And you'll love the taste!



FINER FLAVOR in Sanka Coffee
is due to a brand-
new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffeine
out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.



"Paisan" CONTINUED



NEW JERSEY MEETS SICILY

"Have a cigaret," says Joe, a New Jersey boy, to the peasant girl, Carmela, who has guided his patrol through a minefield on the first day of the invasion of Sicily. Frightened and shy, they exchange their few awkward words of Italian



ON A RUBBLE HEAP IN NAPLES

"I own Broadway!" cries a Negro GI, drunkenly improvising an account of his prospective return to New York with a speech by the mayor and free caviar at the Waldorf. A ragged Italian urchin waits for him to pass out so that he can steal the shoes off his feet. A few days later the soldier catches the boy but leaves him the shoes when he sees the crowded, squalid cave that is his home.



IN THE RUINS OF A CASTLE

and English in the darkness and make an attempt at becoming friends. In the confusion of battle they are both killed by German soldiers, and the patrol sergeant, thinking Carmela led Joe into a trap, says bitterly, "That dirty little Eyetie."



IN A MOUNTAIN MONASTERY

"Thanks, I never touch the stuff," says a brash American Army chaplain to Franciscan monks offering their guests a taste of their homemade liqueur. When they learn that one of the chaplains spending the night in their monastery is a Protestant and another a Jew, the holy, unworldly monks announce at dinnertime that they will begin a fast for the conversion of these heretic souls.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

I've discovered the
longer, finer cigarette
PALL MALL



PALL MALLS are
good to look at—
good to feel—good to taste
and good to smoke.

PALL MALL's greater length of
traditionally fine tobacco filters the smoke
of this *longer, finer* cigarette—gives you
that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL — the *longer, finer*
cigarette in the distinguished red package.

OUTSTANDING

—and
they
are
mild!





4 Reasons Why Millions Prefer KING..America's Premium Blend

1. King is produced by the distillers of famous Old Forester!
2. New, improved formula for extra smoothness, friendly flavor!
- *3. King Black Label contains 40% Straight Whiskies, 6 years or more old—blended with the finest grain neutral spirits!
4. Fine Kentucky blending, backed by one family, one tradition for quality for 78 years.

And Remember **KING IS PRODUCED BY THE DISTILLERS OF FAMOUS OLD FORESTER**

Brown-Forman
DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky



***KING BLACK LABEL.** Blended Whisky. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 years or more old, 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits. 86 Proof
KING RED LABEL. Blended Whisky. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old, 30% straight whiskies; 70% grain neutral spirits. 86 Proof
OLD FORESTER. 100 Proof. Bottled in Bond. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky.

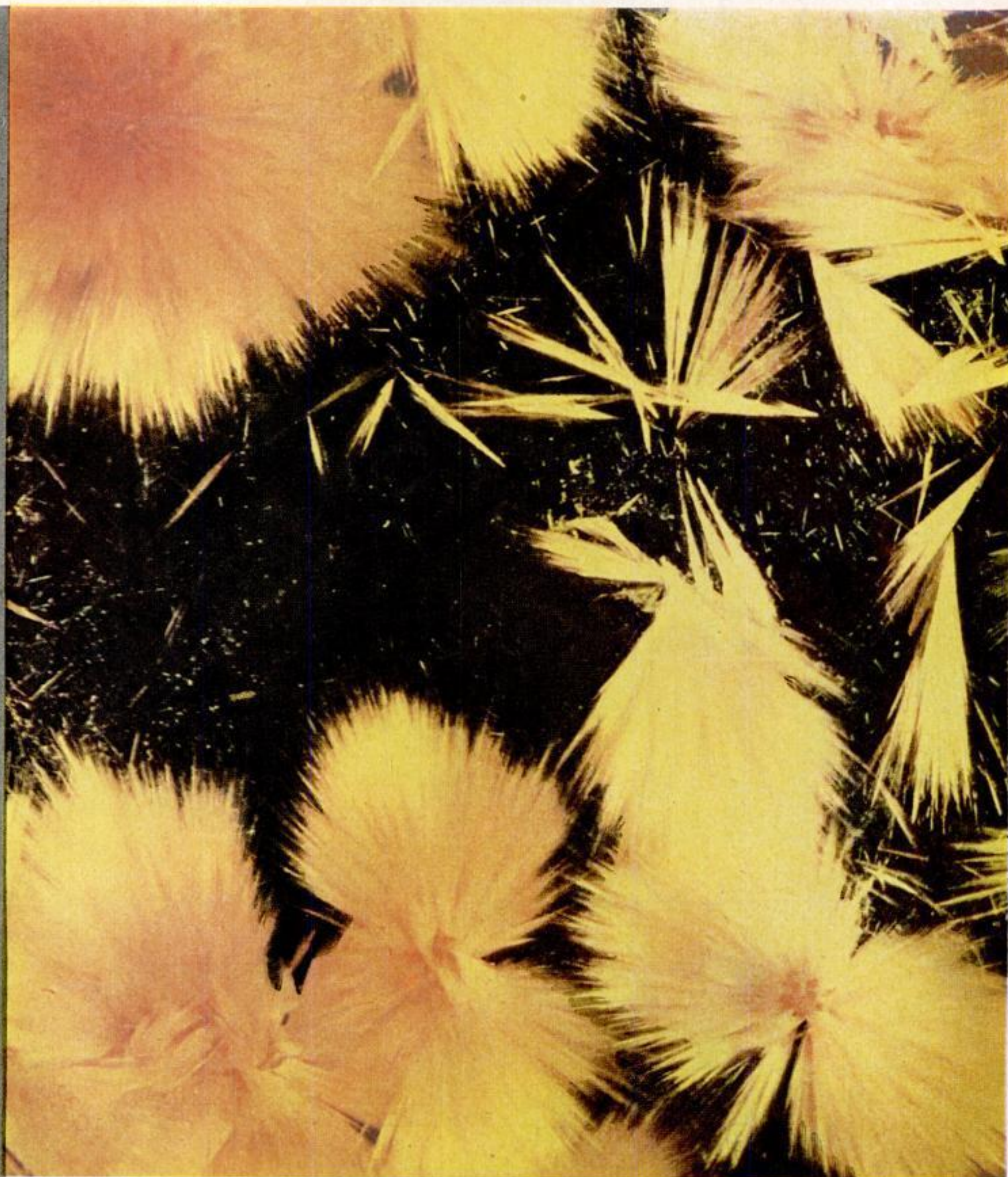


A TAG END OF THE WAR IN THE PO MARSHES

The last and most dramatic of the episodes tells the grim story of the destruction of a detachment of OSS and British intelligence men fighting with Italian partisans behind the German lines. They are encircled, short of supplies, waging a hopeless and apparently useless battle in bleak, wintry marsh country in the valley of the River Po. In only a few weeks the German army will be destroyed and peace will come at last to Italy, but this lost detachment is attacked and easily overwhelmed by a German gunboat crew, its men killed or captured and the Italian prisoners tied and dropped coldbloodedly into the river to drown. The top picture shows the burial of one of these Italian partisans whose body had been brought ashore by two of his comrades at the risk of their lives. The Germans had sent the corpse floating down the river on a life ring with the grim warning sign "PARTIGIANO" attached. Center: partisan boats set out from their hiding places among the reeds to go to the rescue of an English pilot who has been shot down in flames into the river. In the bottom picture a family suspected of sheltering and feeding Allied soldiers has been massacred by the Germans, leaving behind only a dog and a wailing child.

what your doctor wants you to know about rutin

**And its value in
cases where high blood
pressure is present**



Lovely enough for a lady's gown are the vivid colors of this enlarged photograph of rutin crystals.

Rutin—a substance found in buckwheat, tobacco and other plants—is not a new drug. Under a number of names, it has been known to chemists and doctors for more than a century.

Recently, however, rutin has been found useful in the treatment of fragile capillaries. The capillaries are the network of little vessels connecting the veins and arteries. In cases of high blood pressure, and some other diseases, these capillaries tend to become fragile, and to rupture easily. The

damage may vary from mere bruises to blindness, depending upon where the rupture occurs.

Like many of the so-called "miracle" drugs, rutin has enjoyed considerable publicity, much of it misleading or premature. There is a general belief that rutin is a "cure" for high blood pressure. This is not true. There is considerable evidence, however, that the drug has been of value in many cases in restoring fragile capillaries to normal condition,

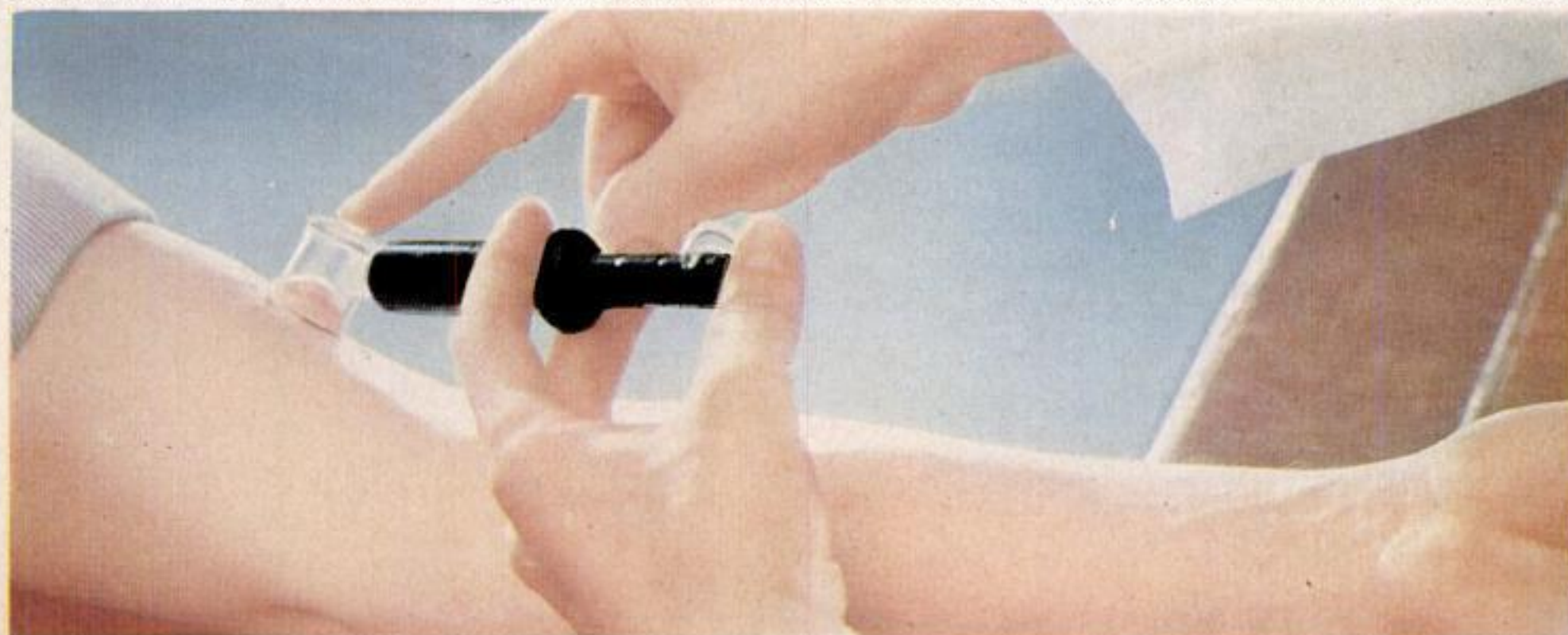
thus preventing capillary hemorrhage and its results. The petechiometer will enable your doctor to determine the need for, and the effectiveness of, rutin treatment.

Much clinical testing will still be needed to prove rutin's true scope and value. Research is under way to test this drug as a prophylactic to prevent hemorrhages among X-ray, radium and atomic research workers, and among those who are brought into constant contact with materials

which emit short-wave energy. Time will prove its efficiency.

If your condition requires rutin, your doctor is equipped to prescribe it for you, as well as the other new drugs which aid him in his constant battle against disease. Consult your doctor when you are ill. Follow his directions implicitly. Next to your doctor, your druggist is the most important guardian of your health. His skill, knowledge and integrity are always at your service.

The petechiometer (pronounced pea-tee'-key-ah-met-er), an instrument for determining capillary fragility, is an exclusive Rexall product.



Rexall Drug Company manufactures a complete line of superior drug and pharmaceutical products, sold in Rexall stores everywhere.

Rexall DRUGS

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT
THAT BEARS THE NAME REXALL.

Only one tire gives you

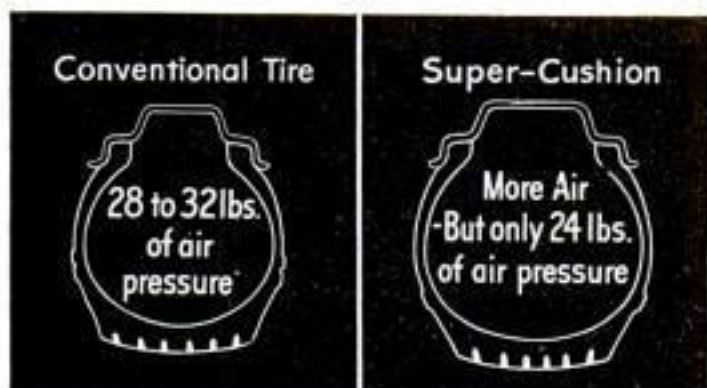
HERE'S WHAT MOTORISTS SAY ABOUT THE FIRST NEW



R. G. ALDRIDGE, contractor, Kansas City, Kans.: "My new car came equipped with Super-Cushions. I knew they'd make it ride smoother, but I got a great surprise when I found out how much easier and safer they make a car handle. They really hang onto the road. You practically float around the curves—no skid or sidesway."



DONNA ATWOOD (left), ice-skating star, Pittsburgh, Pa.: "I put Super-Cushions on my 1941 station wagon. To me, it's been a new driving experience. Super-Cushions take bumps out of the bumpiest roads, and the car stops easier and faster. They've eliminated most of the rattles—and make my car look smarter, too!"



1. Softer ride, better car handling!
Super-Cushions are bigger and softer. They run on *only 24 pounds* of air. So you get a wonderfully *softer* ride—and a great new ease and safety in car handling. Your car *hugs* the road, seems to *float* through traffic, to *flow* around curves!



2. Fewer rattles and repair bills!
Pillowy Super-Cushions *soak up* both up-and-down and crosswise road shocks. They *soak up* jolts, jars and vibration. Result: a more comfortable ride, less driving fatigue, less wear and tear on your car, fewer rattles, fewer repair bills!

The new *Super cushion*

what they're getting!

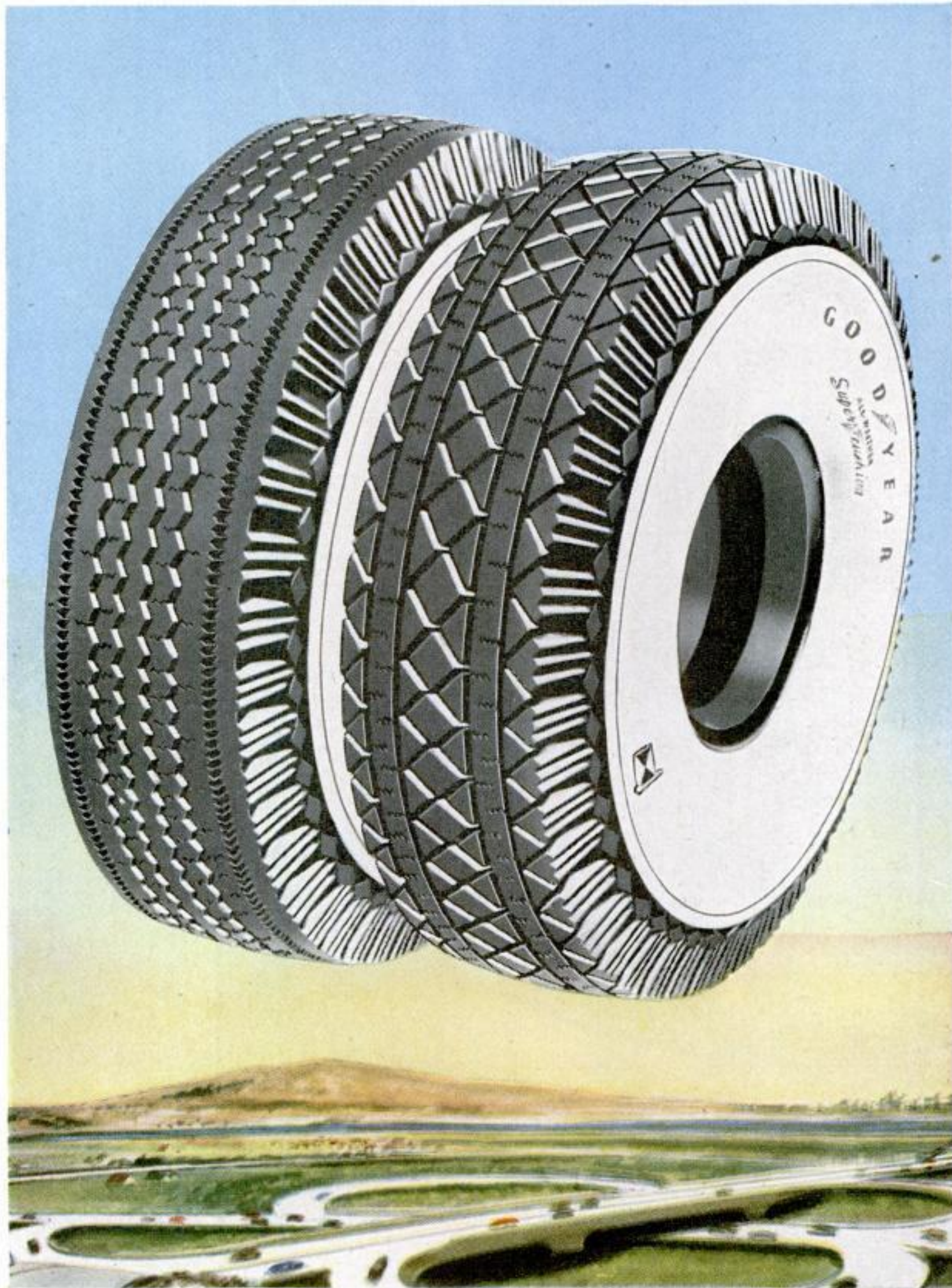
KIND OF TIRE IN 15 YEARS!



C. Y. BENAVIDES, rancher, Laredo, Tex.: "In our country, you often have to drive across the range where there's plenty of tough going. That's why I'm sold on Super-Cushions. I never had such smooth-riding tires in my life. Even on rough ground, you feel like you're driving on a paved highway most of the time."



3. More mileage, greater safety! Super-Cushions run cooler, build up less air pressure. *They consistently average more mileage than finest standard tires.* Because they've a bigger contact area with the road, you get better traction—quicker, safer starts and stops!



YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER HAS SUPER-CUSHIONS NOW! Super-Cushions will fit the rims of your present car! So for the smoothest ride you've ever had, greater safety and car economy, switch to Super-Cushions NOW!

**MILLIONS OF SUPER-CUSHIONS ARE NOW
IN USE ON NEW AND OLDER CARS!**



m by **GOODYEAR**

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Super-Cushion T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



WE WORKED TOGETHER... Fred and I . . . turning out songs about love and moonbeams. But whenever Fred wanted to annoy me, he whistled "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair." Yes, my name *is* Jeannie. But my brown hair wasn't pretty, nor romantic. It was just dingy-looking and unmanageable.



BACKSTAGE ONE NIGHT, my chum, Madge, a singer with gorgeous hair, gave me a tip. "Don't worry, Trouper," she said. "Freddie will write a love song about you yet, if you'll start using Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's not a soap, not a liquid . . . but a divine, rich-lathering *cream* shampoo. Kay Daumit, cosmetic genius, created it to bring out your hair's hidden beauty. My hairdresser recommended it to me for home shampooing."



WELL, YOU GUESSED IT! Unsuspected loveliness gleamed forth in my hair, after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. As Madge's hairdresser said: "Lustre-Creme Shampoo leaves hair with new three-way loveliness: (1) fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff; (2) glistening with sheen; (3) soft, easy to manage. Its billowy lather is a blend of secret ingredients, plus gentle Lanolin, akin to the natural oils in a healthy scalp."

JEANNIE with the dull wild hair... becomes a "LUSTRE-CREME" Dream Girl

WHEN I GAILY ARRIVED at our bandbox studio next morning, Fred looked at me with astonishment. "Hold it, Gorgeous!" he exclaimed. "I want to drink in that new look. Your hair . . . it's super! If Stephen Foster could write lyrics about lovely brown hair . . . so can I . . . and I will! What rhymes with glisten, glamour, sheen, and pays off with lovely Dream Girl?" Thanks to Lustre-Creme Shampoo, I rated a love song after all.



IT WAS MINK AND LOHENGRIN for me a few months later. Our new number clicked . . . and how! So we decided to get married and make it a permanent team. Fred really gets *misty* . . . when he fondles my Lustre-Creme-silken locks. He's started using Lustre-Creme Shampoo himself. "Why not a 'new look' for men, too?" he asked. "Lustre-Creme's blend of secret ingredients, plus LANOLIN, leaves my hair looking well groomed, well behaved too!"

YOU, TOO, can have soft, glamorous Dream Girl hair with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Lathers lavishly in hard or soft water. (No special rinse needed.) Lustre-Creme Shampoo will amaze you with its "three-way loveliness" results. Your hair is sweetly clean; gorgeous in its sheen; soft, easy to manage. Now in tubes as well as jars for home or travel use . . . convenient for all members of the family. 4-oz. jar, \$1.00. Smaller sizes, jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters.



Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor)
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



For
Soft, Glamorous
"Dream-Girl" Hair

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR,
you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

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STRONG DOWNDRAFT FROM HELICOPTER ROTOR DRIVES LETHAL DDT FOG INTO LAWNS AND FORESTS AROUND HOTEL AT OLD FORGE, N.Y. TO KILL BLACK FLIES

FOGGING

**New process makes insect control
safe, stainless and 90% cheaper**

Along the Atlantic seaboard the wettest spring in 77 years has spawned a very buggy summer. But professional bug-killers have a potent new weapon to help keep bites away from beaches, boardwalks and barbecues. The weapon is a fogging machine. Compared to a standard sprayer, it will bugproof a given area 10 times faster with 1/10 the insecticide at 1/10 the cost.

This machine, which is called TIFA (Todd Insecticidal Fog Applicator), is an adaptation of the

Navy smoke generator. Unlike the usual insecticide sprayer which ejects visible droplets of liquid poisons, TIFA atomizes the liquid into a white fog (*above*) of tiny particles only 1/64,000,000 the size of ordinary bug-spray droplets. The fog covers everything with a submicroscopic and stainless film of poison, lethal to insects but harmless to humans, animals and food. Mounted in a helicopter (*above*) or truck, the machine in one to two minutes bugproofs an acre of land for a week for an average of \$3.

I Wear False Teeth
 yet my mouth feels
 fresh, clean and cool
 No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*



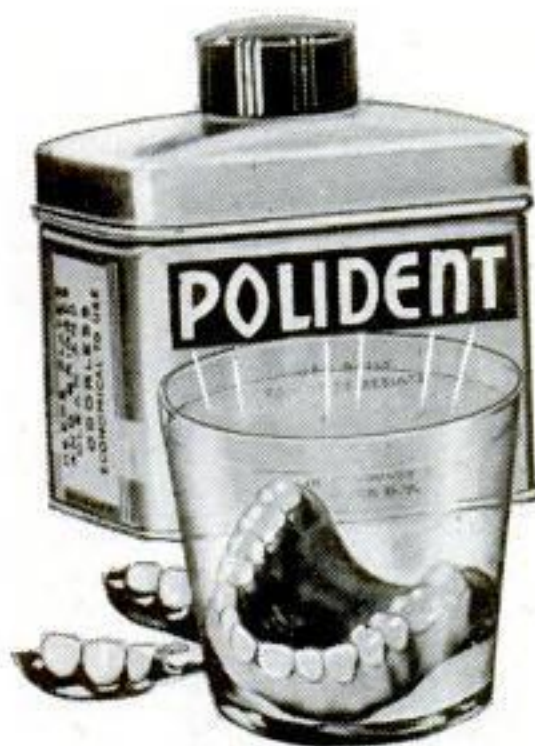
*"A Polident bath always leaves my plates clean and fresh tasting. I never worry about Denture Breath. It's wonderful!"

Mr. J. G. W., Kohoka, Mo.

WHEN plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for "Denture Breath", the oral disturbance that comes from improper cleansing. False teeth need the care of a special denture cleanser—POLIDENT. Safe, easy, quick, Polident leaves your plates feeling clean, cool and fresh. No fear of offensive "Denture Breath".

And remember, Polident keeps your false teeth more natural looking—free from offensive odor, too. For a smile that sparkles, for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh—soak your plates in Polident every day.

Polident comes in two sizes—regular and large economy size—available at all drug-stores. It costs only about a cent a day to use, so get a can of Polident tomorrow, sure.



NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT

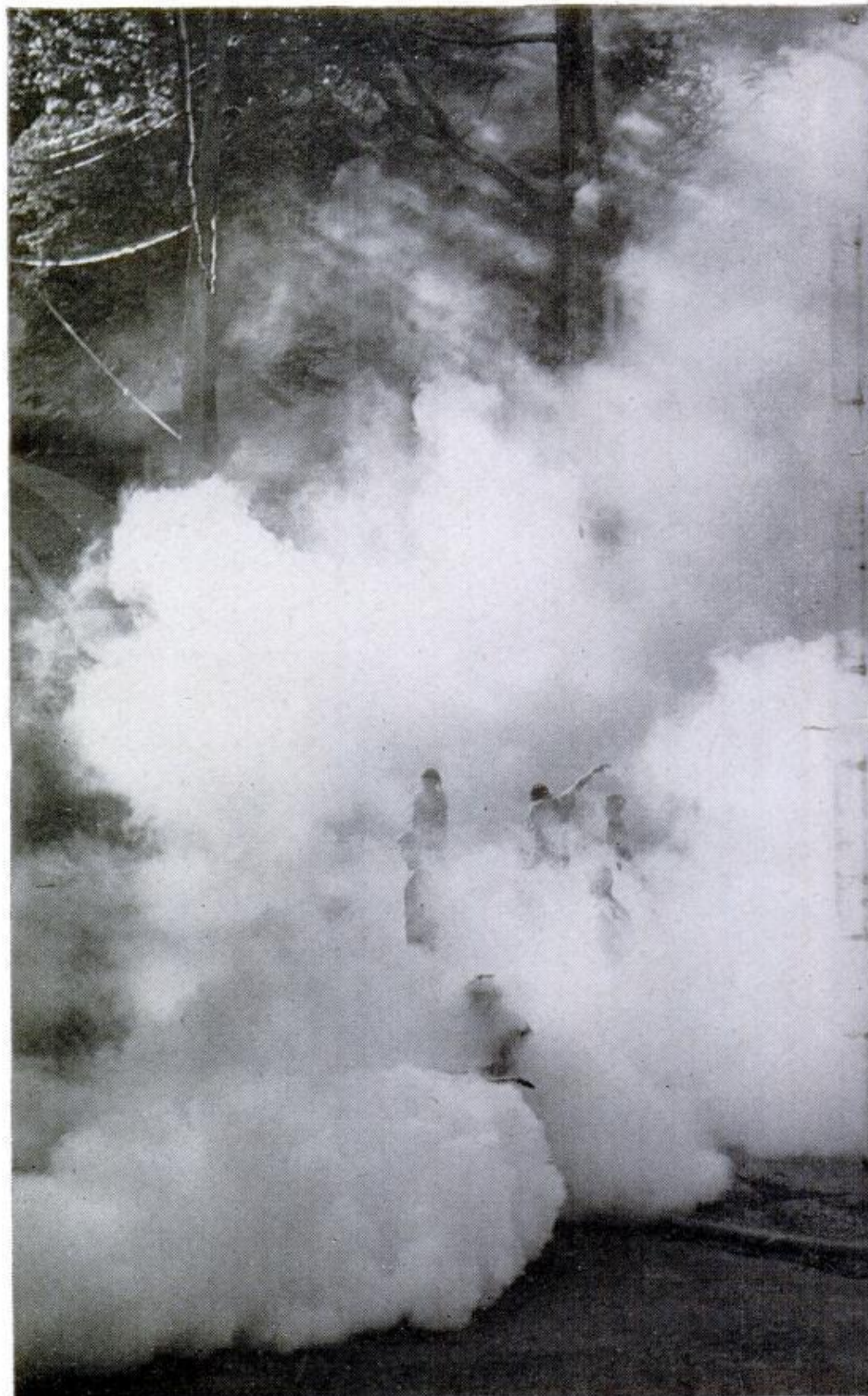
RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

**LOOSE
FALSE
TEETH?**

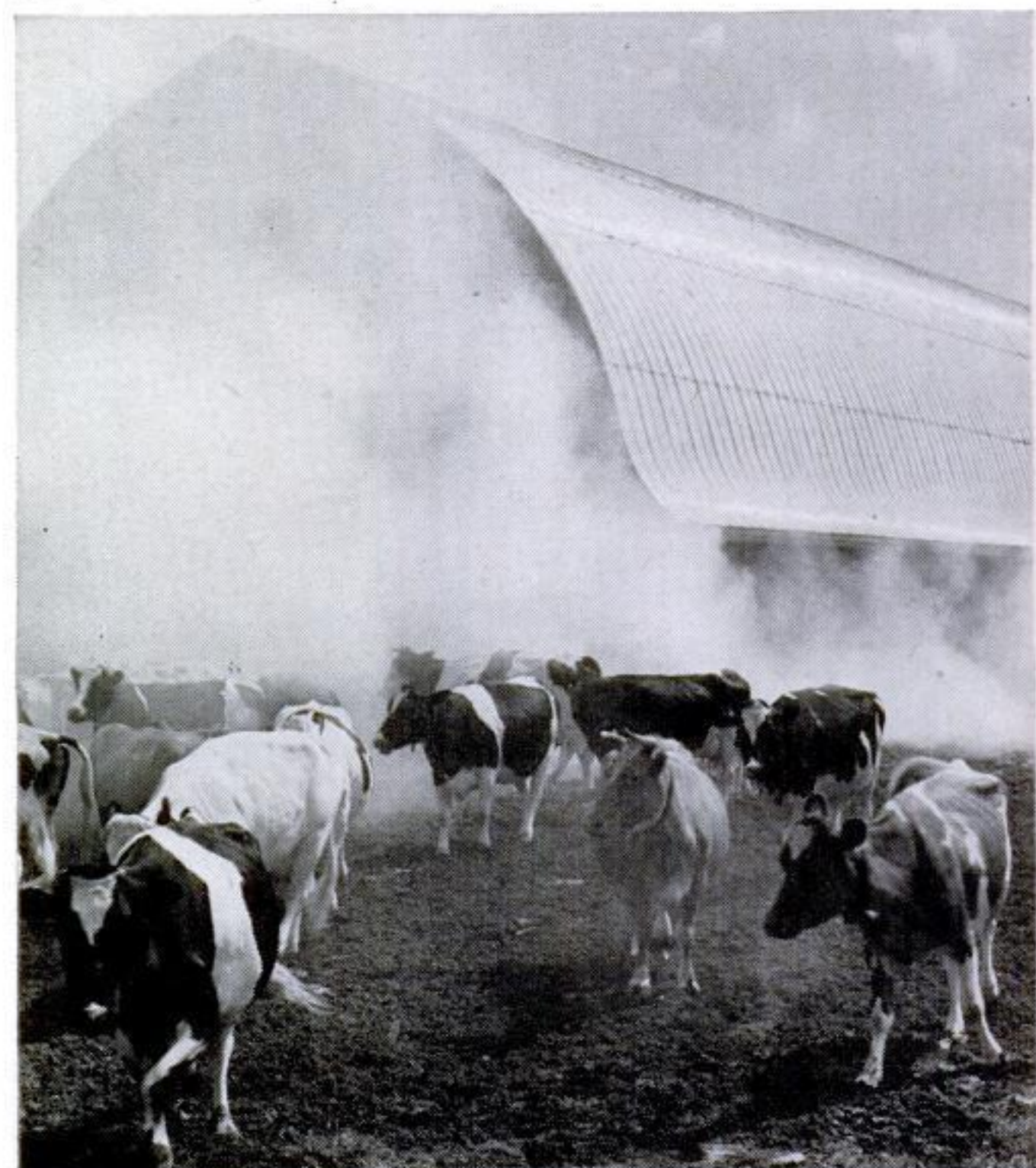
Amazing New Cream
Holds Tighter, Longer
 than anything you ever tried
 or double your money back

POLI-GRIP
 Made and Guaranteed by
POLIDENT

Fogging CONTINUED



IN WEST ORANGE, N. J. CHILDREN ROMP IN FOG AFTER THE FOG TRUCK



DAIRY BARN seems on fire as DDT fog pours from doors and windows. One fogging keeps it fly-free three months while unbitten cows give more milk.



PASSES. FOGGER DID 40-HOUSE AREA IN 40 MINUTES AT \$1 PER HOUSE



DDT FOG SWIRLS around Kay Heffernan at Jones Beach, N.Y. as she eats a hot dog, drinks pop. Unlike dust or spray the fog will not contaminate food.



New Magic Now

Keeps your motor cleaner . . .
smoother-running

Protects against bearing corrosion



THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MOTOR OIL



Famed for its "Film of Protection"





IN HIS SMALL STUDIO ON THE RIVIERA, PIERRE BONNARD TOUCHES UP HIS LAST PAINTING

BONNARD

Last of the great French Impressionists is given a big show in America

During the first decades of the century when the art studios of Paris were seething with cubism, Dadaism and other revolutionary varieties of modern art, there was one great French painter who just went on painting in his own way as though the storms, stresses and theories of modern art did not exist. Because there was nothing particularly sensational or astonishing about his gay and gentle canvases, it took the sensation-ridden art world a long time to get around to appreciating him. But today Pierre Bonnard, who died at the age of 79 on the French Riviera last year, has taken his rightful place as one of the giants of French painting. Americans are getting to know him now through a huge exhibition which was recently shown at the Cleveland Museum of Art and is now on view at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. Bonnard's greatness arises not from any spectacular innovations but from a rare personal spontaneity, a joyous feeling for color and a peculiar faculty for endowing homely, commonplace scenes with gentle poetry.

Bonnard lacked the restless revolutionary fervor characteristic of so many French artists of his time. Except for a growth of freedom in the use of bright color, his style scarcely changed in a lifetime.

It was a lifetime which spanned almost the entire history of Impressionism. Bonnard was born in 1867, when Pissarro and Monet and the other pioneer Impressionists were just beginning to get recognition. After Bonnard himself started to paint, such masters as Renoir and Toulouse-Lautrec became his friends. Bonnard outlasted them all. His paintings sold well. A mousy-looking man, he had an unassuming attitude toward art. One should judge painting, he said, "as a milliner judges the hat she is making." He seldom used an easel or palette. He mixed his colors on a dinner plate and applied them to sheets of canvas he nailed to his walls, often painting several pictures on the same sheet and cutting them out later with a pair of scissors. He was still working thus on his last picture a year and a half ago when death came and stopped him.



PIERRE BONNARD, a cheerful man, looked at the world with a deceptive air of glumness.



AT THE MOULIN-ROUGE, painted in 1896 in the gay Paris of Renoir, Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, shows the famous Montmartre cafe and its lighted windmill.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN, with its subtly colored shadows, was painted around 1906 when Bonnard was shifting from his early somberness to the luminous colors he used in the mature paintings of his later years.



GOLDEN HAIR is an idyl in which the glowing light of southern France glances off the forms of fruit and women. Bonnard was as famous for still lifes as for his portraits and his landscapes.





THE RIVIERA, done around 1923, is one of Bonnard's finest landscapes. It depicts the charming, intimate countryside full of orange, almond and olive

groves that adjoins France's celebrated resorts. Such scenes most closely link Bonnard with the Impressionists who loved to paint outdoor light and shade.

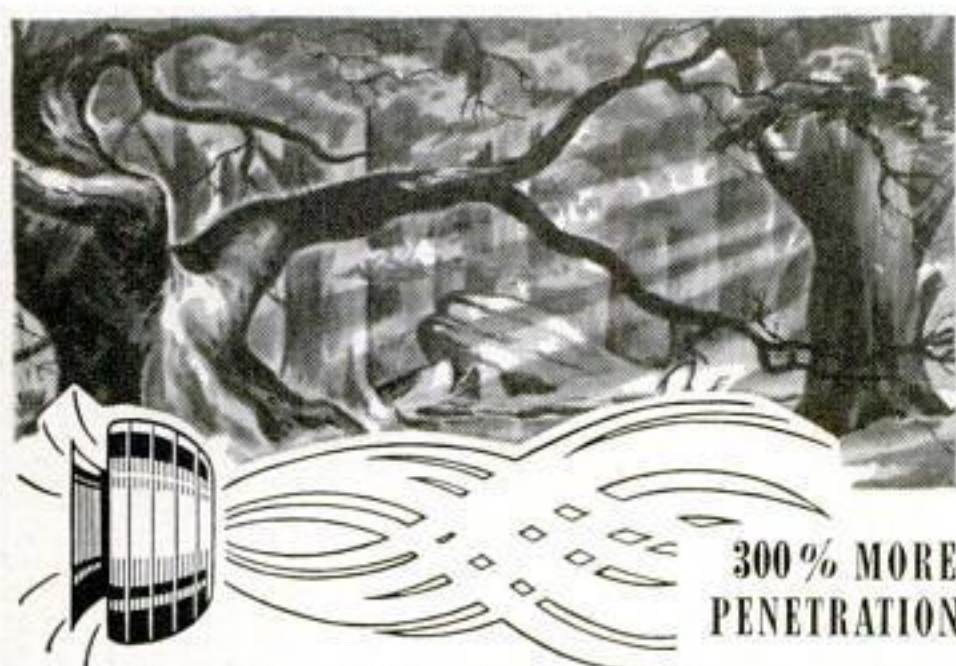
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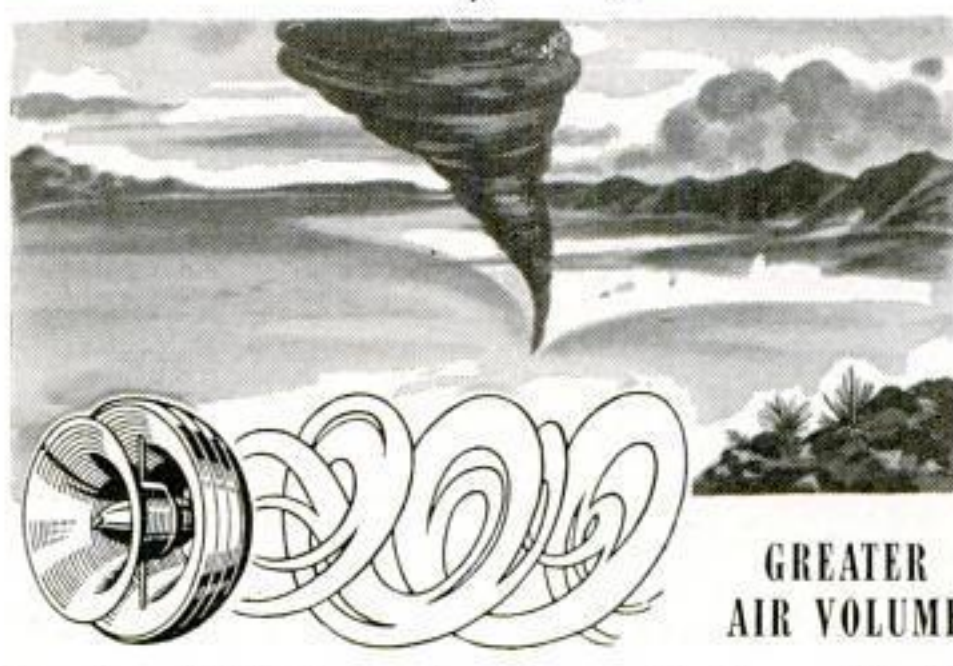
CABINET DE TOILETTE portrays a domestic scene as a spontaneous play of interwoven patterns to which bottles, checkered floor and bending nude contribute.

An Entirely New & Different Kind of Air Circulator!

MOVES 3 TIMES MORE AIR—MOVES IT 3 TIMES FARTHER...GIVES COMPLETE ROOM CIRCULATION...SUPERB, QUIET PERFORMANCE!



Supercharged air, already in motion, expands and drives forward. This is penetration. Currents rebound and ripple when they strike opposition, increasing circulation.

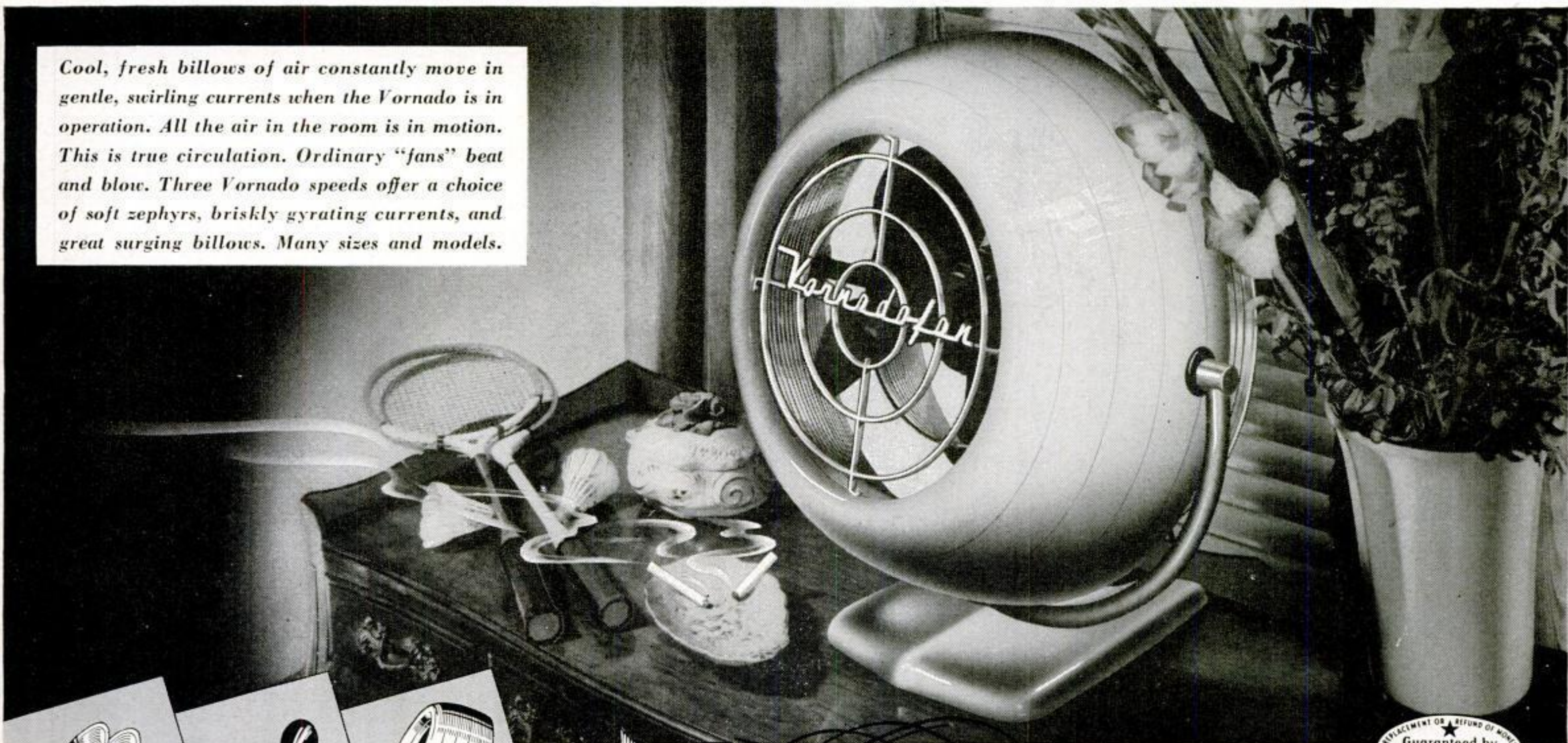


Greatly multiplied air volume leaves circulator orifice in "vortex-tornado" pattern of motion. Tremendous forward thrust is given the air by the acute pitch of propellor.



Exhaustive, independent tests by leading laboratories show Vornado achieves circulation that is true and complete. It is indeed so amazing as to be almost fabulous.

Cool, fresh billows of air constantly move in gentle, swirling currents when the Vornado is in operation. All the air in the room is in motion. This is true circulation. Ordinary "fans" beat and blow. Three Vornado speeds offer a choice of soft zephyrs, briskly gyrating currents, and great surging billows. Many sizes and models.



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Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



*3 Features Exclusive with
The World's Finest
Air Circulators*

Vornado

does the work of three ordinary 12-inch "fans"—better, more completely, and with less noise. Air volume is far greater; yet no blasts are felt, no drafts... fuss, muss or bother. True circulation is achieved by Vornado's exclusive Twin Cones and deep-pitched propeller. The circulator comfortably cools you—not in spots but all over—because it cools the atmosphere of the room. Ask your dealer for the "cigarette smoke" demonstration. It illustrates Vornado's airflow and circulatory processes. Available from \$24.95 up. *The O. A. Sutton Corporation* *Wichita, Kansas*

NEW SWERL SUDS



GREASELESS DISHWASHING—A New, Pleasant Way To Wash Your Dishes!

There's not even a *trace* of soap scum on the water when you use Swerl. You don't *see* any grease or *feel* any grease. No grease ring around the pan, no grease coated sink. Dishpan empties grease-free. Dishcloths and towels

stay sweet and clean—hands free from grease film. Dishes and glasses dry crystal clear without wiping or polishing. Pots and pans need little or no scouring. Egg cups, cream pitchers need no scrubbing or rubbing.

101 NEW HOUSEHOLD USES

Most women buy Swerl the first time just to try greaseless dishwashing. But because Swerl leaves *no soap scum* they soon discover amazing new uses for this magic suds. Swerl cleans . . .

Windows, mirrors	Upholstery, rugs
Woodwork, baseboards	Carpets, drapes
Refrigerators, radiators	Mildewed articles
Linoleum, tile	Inside and outside paints
Automobiles	Shrubs and plants

"Swerl-dusting" with a Swerl-dampened cloth gets better results than dry dusting.



Once Over does windows beautifully, with a Swerl dampened cloth. No soap scum streaks to wipe off.



Fingerprints on inside painted surfaces quickly removed with Swerl. No harsh soap scum to affect the paint.



Sponge off the car with Swerl and water just once and see how the finish shines! No soap scum to wash off.



Upholstery, rugs and drapes may be washed right where they are. No soap scum to rinse out.

Ending Soap Scum Is The Greatest

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END SOAP SCUM!

Now You Can Enjoy Washing Miracles No Soap In The World Can Equal!

UNTIL you have used Swerl, you can't imagine how pleasant it is to wash things without having to deal with soap scum.

With Swerl there's no ugly, greasy soap scum to wash out, rinse off or

polish away. Almost every washing task is easier and results are far better. Also, Swerl has countless household cleaning uses and does many things that never could be accomplished with soap. Swerl gives you . . .

- Greaseless Dishwashing!
- 7-Squeeze Sweater Washing!
- 3-Minute Blanket Washing!
- No Soap Fading of Fine Fabrics!
- Bubble Baths—No Bathtub Ring!



7-SQUEEZE SWEATER WASHING. Because Swerl leaves *no soap scum*, it gets the average soiled sweater clean in 7 squeezes. To get the same result with soap you would need 48 squeezes and *many* rinsings, as proved by scientific laboratory tests. Less time in water, less likelihood of shrinkage.



3-MINUTE BLANKET WASHING. Swerl washes out the average soiled blanket in only 3 minutes and leaves *no soap scum* behind to mat or harshen the blanket's softness—*no soap scum* to dim or dull the original colors.



BUBBLE BATH, NO BATHTUB RING. Swerl gives you a refreshing, cleansing, *deodorizing* "Hollywood Bubble Bath" at trifling cost. Use your regular toilet soap at the same time if you wish—but still *no soap scum* ring will be left in the tub. That saves you plenty of back-straining work.



NO SOAP FADING OF FINE FABRICS. Colors stay bright and clear when you use Swerl. *No soap scum* is left in the garments to dim or fade dainty tints. Nylons, rayons, silks and lace keep their new look longer. Just squeeze. No scrubbing or rubbing—which wears out fine fabrics—is necessary.

Ask Your Grocer for Swerl—
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MODERN SCIENTIFIC SUDS

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LEAVES NO
SOAP SCUM!

Swerl
THE MAGIC SUDS

**BIGGER BOX
LOW PRICE
SAVES YOU
MONEY**

GIVES RESULTS SOAP CANNOT
Safely washes silks, rayons, woolsens, dyes
Dissolves dirt and grease - Protects hands,
fabrics, colors - Contains no alkali, no acid

Washing Improvement Of All Time

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WITH 210° WIDE-ANGLE LENS MORE OF THE INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL IS PHOTOGRAPHED THAN EVER BEFORE. SHOT WAS MADE FROM ORGAN LOFT



WITH ORDINARY LENS only segment of cathedral shows. Shot was made from same spot as picture above.

LENS THAT SEES BEHIND ITSELF

Captured German equipment photographs more than half of a sphere

The picture above, showing almost all the interior of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, takes in even more than the human eye can. It was made with the widest-angle lens in existence, which covers more than 16 times as much territory as the ordinary Rolleiflex camera lens (*picture at left*). The lens bulges out of the camera and takes in 210° of the circle, including everything in front of it and a little behind it as well. In order to get this picture the photographer had to stand directly behind the camera to avoid including himself in the picture.

The lens is one of 2,000 taken from the famous

Carl Zeiss Works of Jena, Germany by the U.S. Army Signal Corps for study by technicians at Fort Monmouth, N.J. Main use of the 210° lens would be in meteorological work since it will shoot practically the whole sky at one time. Another lens, called the "long Tom" because it is 9.8 feet from lens to film plane, can take pictures as far away as 35 miles with infrared film. Although the full value of the collection is yet to be assessed, the Army expects to be able to save American scientists years of experimental work in developing new lenses for wide-angle, long-distance and fast photography.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63



Mrs. Washington Irving, the former Miss Frances Schudlapp of New York, painted by Gerald Brockhurst.



ONE-QUARTER CARAT \$90 TO \$210

ONE-HALF



CARAT \$260 TO \$525



ONE CARAT \$665 TO \$1165

TWO CARATS \$1615 TO \$3470



The prices above for unmounted quality stones were averaged from a great many stores in February, 1948. Add Federal tax.

In the fair light of an engagement diamond, the joy and beauty of life's most important pledge are endlessly reflected. Because tradition does endow it with such special meaning just for you, your diamond, though it may be modest in cost, should be chosen with care. Color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. You will need the advice of a trusted jeweler.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



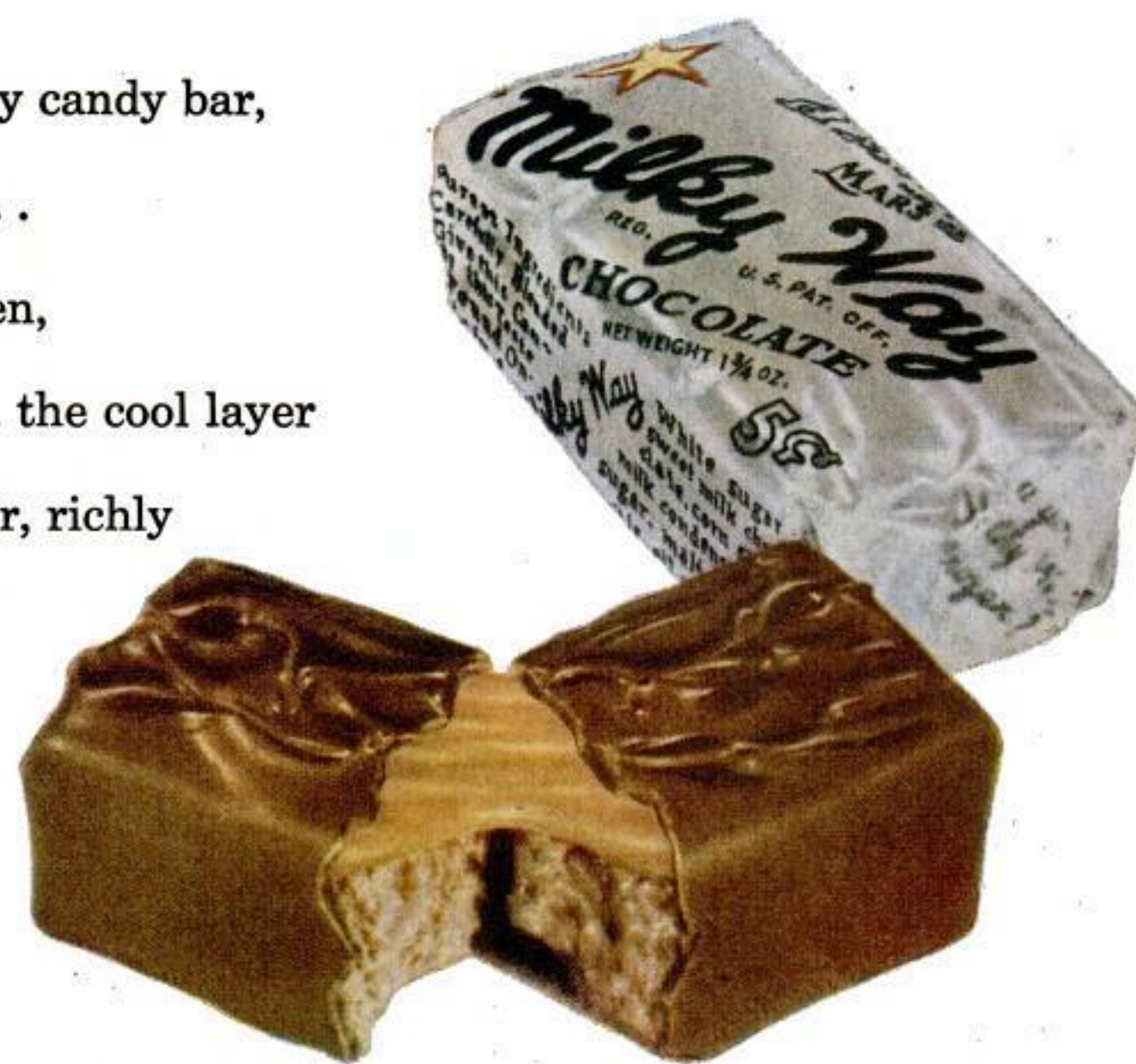
HAVE A CHILLED MILKY WAY!

Hot? Just treat yourself to the cooling taste thrill of a Milky Way candy bar, right out of your own refrigerator. Here is real summer pleasure . . .

from the moment the cool wrapper crackles as you open it. Then,

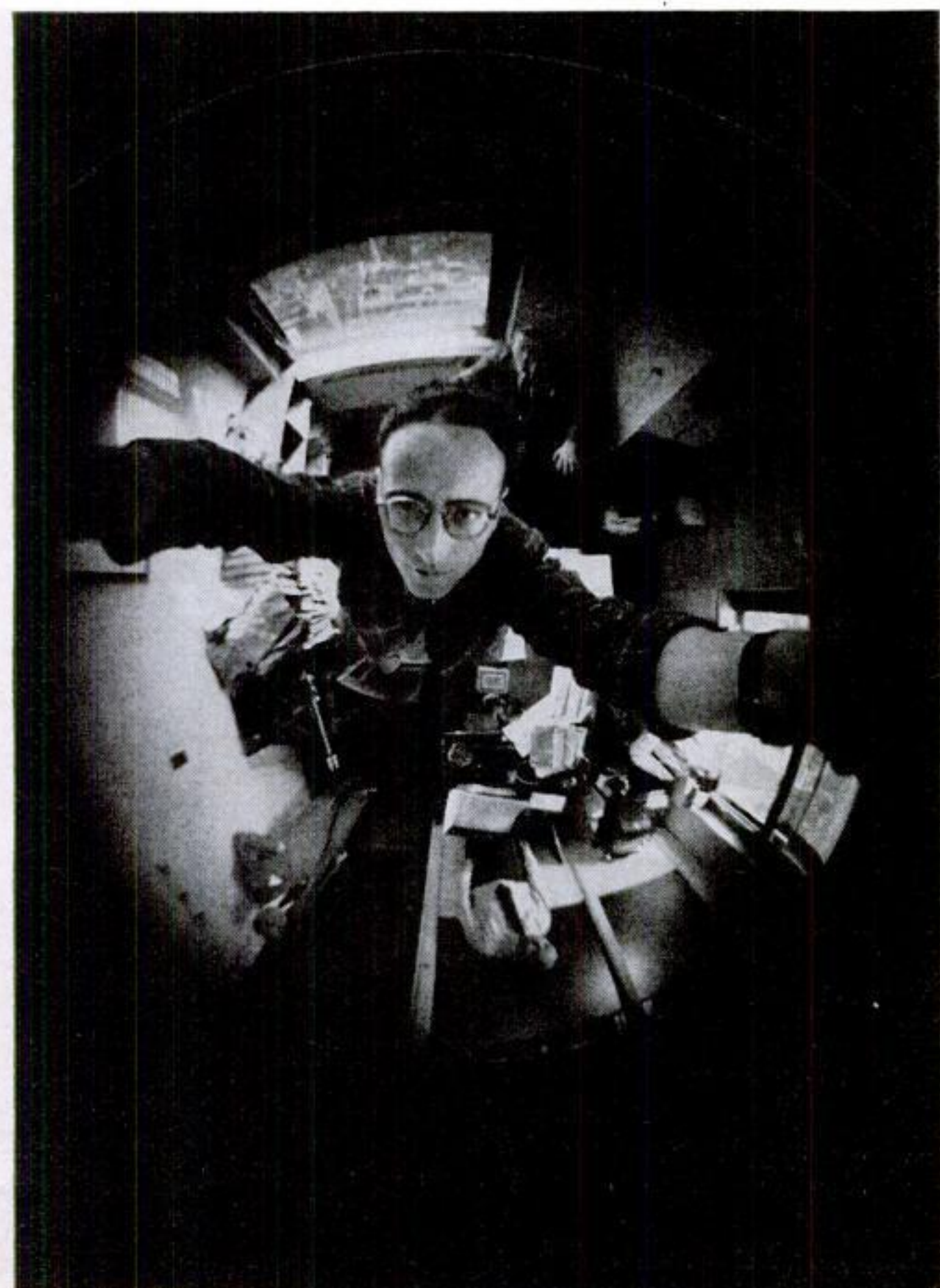
with each bite, taste the crisp, icy milk chocolate coating . . . the cool layer of smooth, golden caramel . . . and the cold, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk . . . truly a summer treat you can find only in a chilled Milky Way. When you crave good candy, eat a

Milky Way





HALF OF MANHATTAN ISLAND, from midtown to the Bronx, appears in photograph taken from the Empire State building with the 210° lens. White square marks area that would be taken in by a Rolleiflex lens in same position.



ALL FOUR WALLS of a room are brought into view as Photographer Andreas Feininger stands on a chair and holds a camera with the wide-angle lens over his head. The distortion is caused by the extreme curvature of the lens.

Sure you've been hearing great things about the new U. S. Royal Golf Ball



AND THEY'RE TRUE: It's the greatest U. S. Royal of all time—has that extra lively Silicone "Magic" Center... plus Electronic Winding—for uniformity in tension—a score-cutting combination.

U. S. ROYAL HAS ALL THESE FEATURES



SILICONE "MAGIC" CENTER
Liveliest substance ever put in a golf ball.



ELECTRONIC WINDING
For uniformity, accuracy and controllability.



CADWELL-GEER COVER
Toughest cover of all.

The greatness of this new U. S. Royal golf ball starts *inside* with the exclusive Silicone "Magic" Center, developed by U. S. Rubber using General Electric silicone. Electronic Winding seals in this extra liveliness—locks it in perfect balance. Result is a powerhouse of a ball with greater controllability—greater playability on every shot from tee to green. And a true-putting ball when you get there.

U. S. ROYAL Golf Balls

BLUE for championship and tournament play.

RED for greater durability—and distance too.

Sold only through
Golf Professional Shops



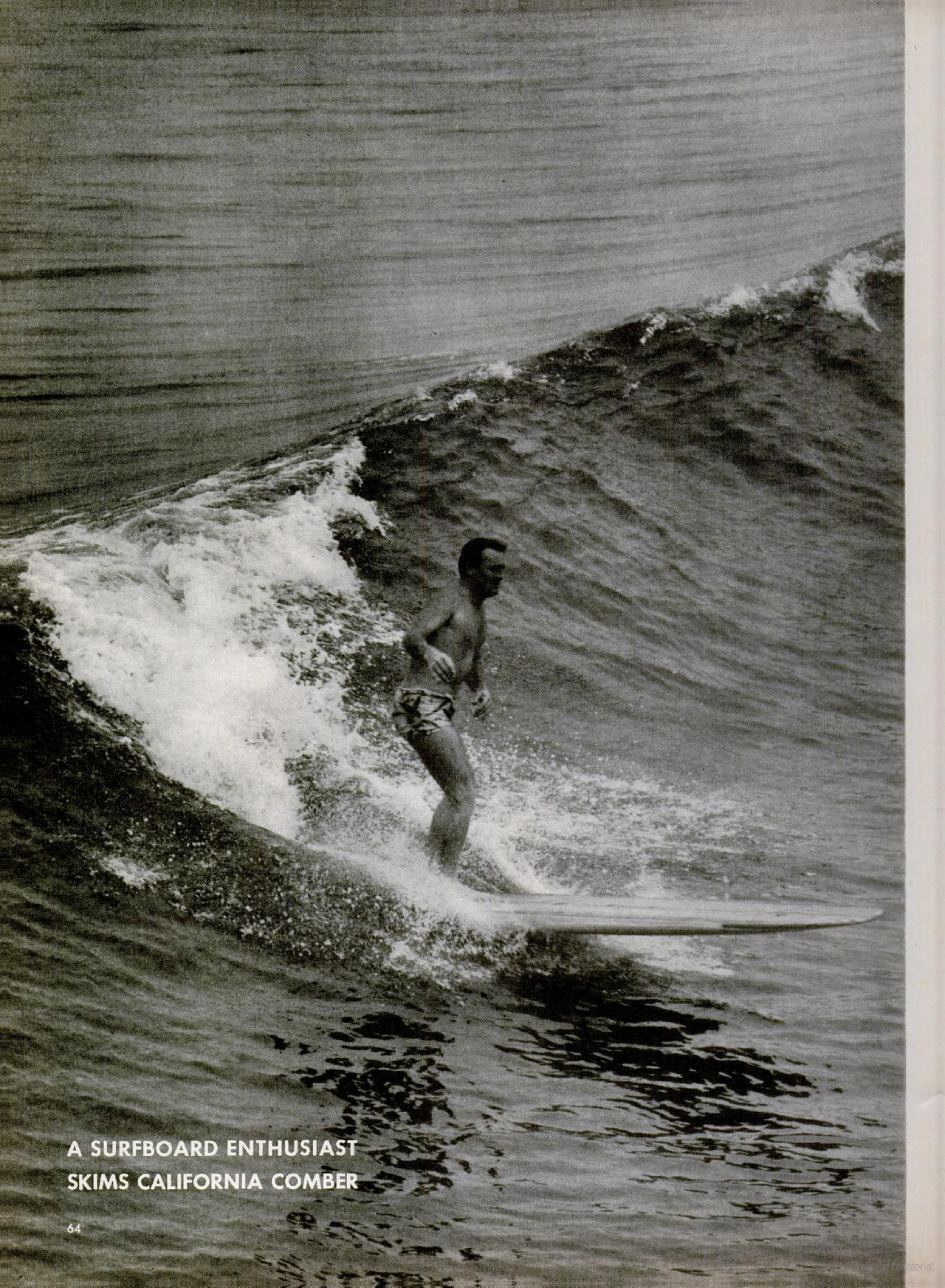
U. S. True Blue and U. S. Three Star
at leading Sporting Goods Dealers



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U.S. RUBBER
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

UNITED STATES
RUBBER COMPANY



**A SURFBOARD ENTHUSIAST
SKIMS CALIFORNIA COMBER**



PRETTY GIRL GETS A FAST AND FOAMY SURF RIDE ON INFLATED MATTRESS COVER

FUN ON THE BEACH

SUMMER FINDS AMERICANS SHEDDING CLOTHES AND INHIBITIONS AT SEASIDE

Many Americans who worry about what their neighbors think of them are apt to act as if they wore tight corsets in public. But the one place where people of all ages and temperaments feel free to kick over the traces is a public beach. When hot weather comes Americans get beach fever and shed most of their inhibitions along with their clothes. Here and on the next pages *LIFE* shows the kind of fun Americans are having this summer from tricky surfboard riding in California (left) to crabbing on Cape Cod (p. 70).

The beach is an adaptable paradise. It appeals as much to

chronic lollers too lazy to brush off sand flies as it does to enthusiastic extroverts who strut the sands like actors on a sunny, wind-swept stage. It is a wonderful arena for almost all kinds of sports, with plenty of room for onlookers and the facilities for a quick, cool dunk close at hand. But perhaps its greatest appeal lies in the fact that people on a beach can feel just about as free and equal as they were created. Poor clothes and poor surroundings are forgotten. Anyone with the price of a bathing suit can suddenly become a sandy, sunburned monarch in a kingdom of salt spray, hot dogs and growling surf.



BELLY-SLIDING, a perilous but pleasant sport, is demonstrated by an expert at California's Hermosa Beach. The slider starts running in shallow water from 3 to 6

inches deep, flops on belly and skims along the surface, sometimes as far as 75 feet. Belly-sliders often cut their chests on sea shells or even break their ribs.



JONES BEACH COUPLE INDULGES IN DISCREET NUZZLING

UTOPIA FOR SHOW-OFFS

Extra-aquatic diversions on almost any beach are as numerous and varied as the beachlovers themselves. Chief among these is the natural impulse to show off. Most people with acrobatic talent, and many who have none, find themselves compelled to try to wow friend and stranger alike. For males this may take the form of sandy headstands, spectacular flights through the air (*left*), tossing willing young ladies in blankets (*right*) or simply standing still and gently flexing both biceps. Girls usually confine themselves to exposing vast areas of skin to the sun, worrying about the patterns of tan they will get (*below*) and watching the boys at such times as the boys are not watching them. Affection is likely to be displayed even more openly on the beach than it is in public parks.

For people with lesser physical assets or for those who are just bashful about showing off in public, some beaches provide compensatory devices like Florida's expansive Daytona Beach, which has dinky gasoline scooters (*lower left*). But for most beachgoers the best fun is the exhilarating sense of escape that comes from doing little more than simply dozing in the sun.



DARING YOUNG MAN flies off trampoline at California's Santa Monica Beach, where movie starlets

show off. In Florida (*below*) a sturdy motorist takes friend for a joy ride at maximum speed of 12 mph.



ODD TAN DESIGN is exposed on the midriff of this shapely girl when she changes her bathing suits.



THE PERILS OF BLANKET TOSSING are happily undergone by pretty Miss Norma Baker with the help of eight husky friends at Hermosa Beach in California.

Scientific blanket-tossers claim that 16 strong hands are too many for a small, compact victim like Miss Baker, but the tossers' interest is obviously not scientific.



PROPPED ON ONE ELBOW, MISS BABY LAKE GETS ONCE-OVER FROM A COLLEGE BOY UNAWARE OF PHOTOGRAPHER. HIS FRIEND WATCHES HIM SUCCUMB WITH ALARM



FRIENDSHIP BUDS as college boy gallantly offers to zip up the back of Baby's bathing suit.

HOW TO MAKE BEACH FRIENDS

Making friends on a beach is fun for anybody, but for a pretty girl like Miss Baby Lake (*above*) it is practically a public duty. On a recent sunny afternoon at Jones Beach near New York, LIFE Photographer Leonard McCombe accompanied Miss Lake, who is a chorus girl in a Broadway nightclub, the Latin Quarter, to record the impact of her personality. As soon as Baby stretched out on the sand and partly unzipped her satin bathing suit to get a better tan, the laws of human be-

havior began to operate as smoothly as the spinning of planets. After her first encounter with a college boy who was fascinated by her zipper (*left*), Baby sauntered to a drinking fountain, drawing glances from admiring males all the way (*opposite, top*). Some of them expressed approval audibly, others gaped or grinned. By the time she reached the fountain Baby had made many friends and was exerting her magnetic influence as irresistibly as the moon that pulled the tides across the hot summer beach.



ACTIVE APPRECIATION of Baby as she strolls toward a drinking fountain is shown by three admirers, one of whom suddenly feels compelled to comb his hair.



PASSIVE APPRECIATION is demonstrated by three more admirers who find that their prone position on the beach affords them an interesting perspective.



FRIENDLY BATHER approaches Baby. His opening gambit: a lively discussion of water temperature.



NEXT MOVE of Baby's new friend is to sprinkle water on his toes when the conversation starts to lag.



FRIENDSHIP ENDS pleasantly as Baby's friend is joined by his daughter. Baby soon wandered off.



A LITTLE WATER is sipped by Baby at fountain. Another bather quickly turns up to hold the spigot.



MORE WATER is consumed by Baby, as the spigot-holder calls over a colleague to watch the operation.



A LOT OF WATER is provided for Baby as her two newest friends invite her for a lively dip in the sea.



GRAPE-JUICE BATTLE is waged on Cape Cod between members of Dennis' Cape Playhouse and summer residents. Opposing teams squirt juice from water

pistols, eliminate opponents by scoring direct hits on hearts painted on chests. In center background Actress Gertrude Lawrence scrambles out of the line of fire.

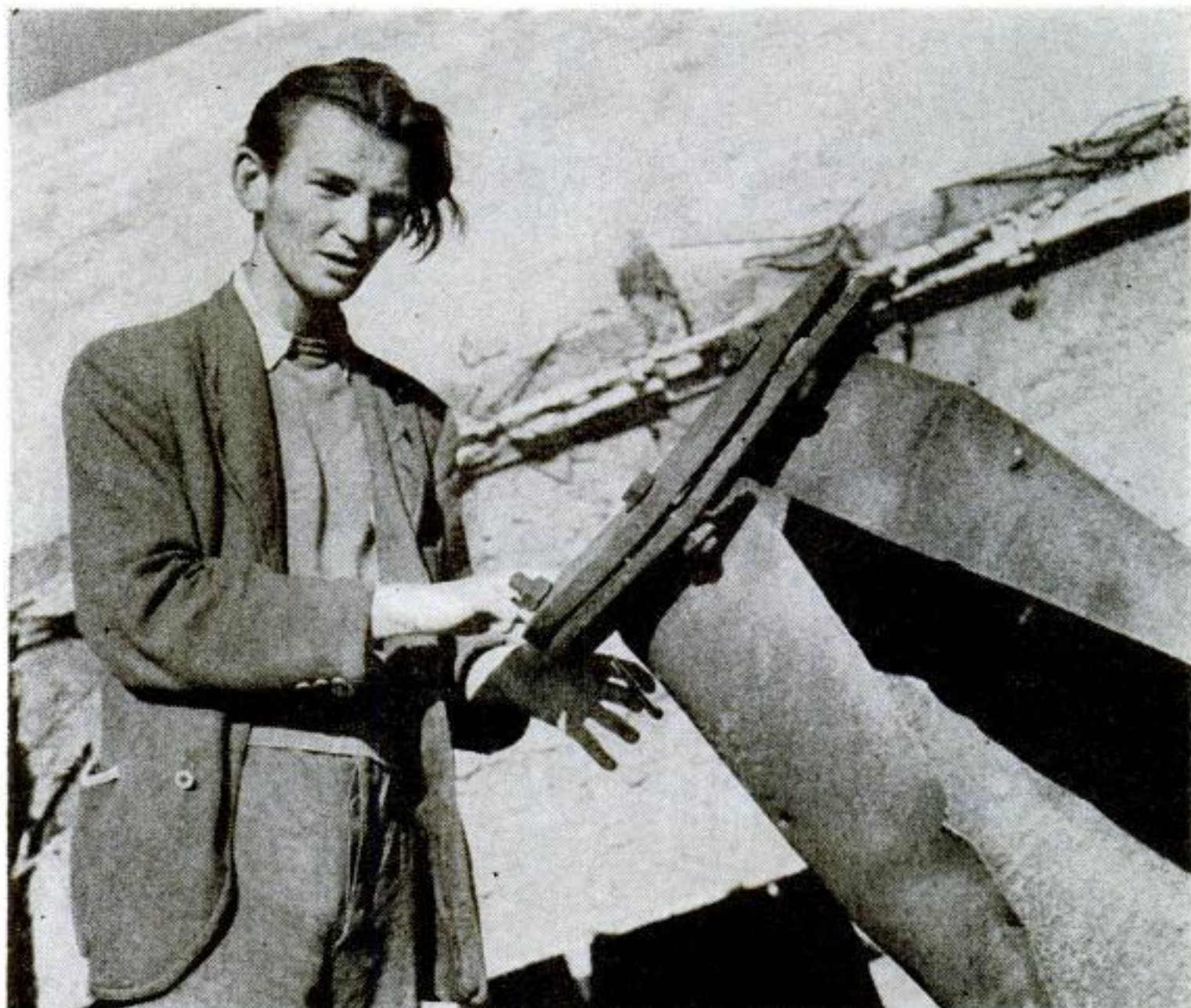


CRABBING at Buzzards Bay, Cape Cod, is a favorite sport of vacationers, some of whom wear goggles and rubber swimming fins, float face down hoping to spot

edible blue crabs. When crabs are netted they are cooked on beach. Result of day's crabbing: eight inedible horseshoe crabs, two oysters, one quahog, no blue crabs.



DUSK ON THE BEACH FINDS CALIFORNIANS
STILL PLAYING "HORSIE" OR STRETCHED
OUT SIPPING SPIKED WATERMELON PUNCH



CHILD OF RUIN is Siegfried, a typical German teen-ager who three years ago greeted our GIs with calloused palm and cynicism, and now wants only to get away to America.

Berlin under Siege

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Christmas when some American officer from California remembered him and sent him two CARE packages. "It was the happiest Christmas of my life," Siegfried said.

"Where do you go from here, Siegfried?"

"Nowhere."

"Hopeless?"

"Ja—with four dry bread slices in the morning, two at noon, and pea soup every night for dinner . . . Hope for what?"

"Why not join the Communists?"

"Quatsch. Sure, they bribe you with schnapps and a secondhand pair of shoes—but then they've caught you and you're a part of their lies and their empty promises . . . I saw too many Russians . . ."

"School?"

"Sinnlos. Suppose I learn to be an electrician or an engineer, then what? They 'invite' me to Russia or 'ask' me to go to work in Leipzig or 'offer' me a job in some uranium mine, I suppose. Why should I try to become of any use?"

"Then nothing?"

"Nothing here, not in Germany. I can only wait. Someday, God knows when, I'll get away to America—to California."

"What about your mother?"

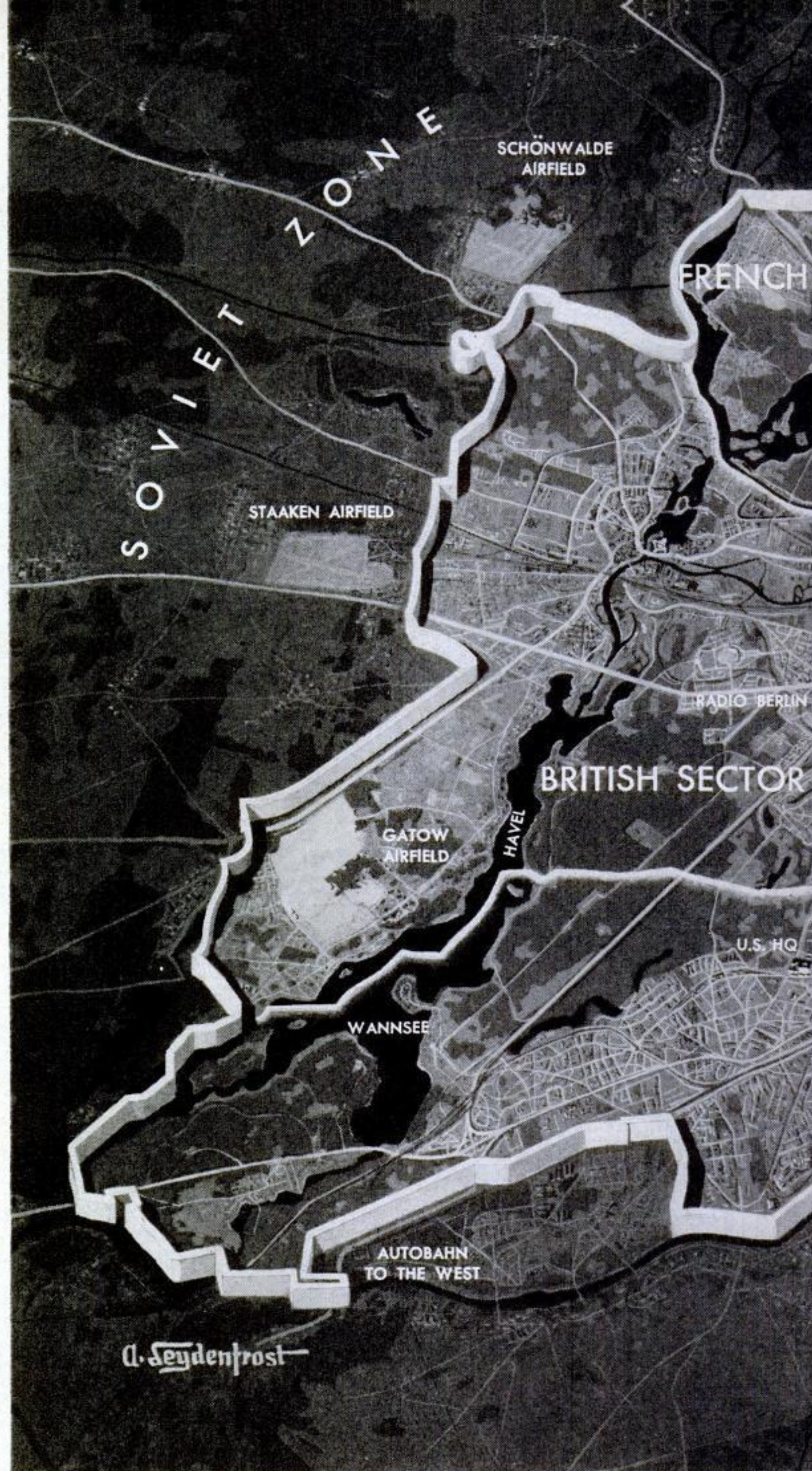
"She has T.B. She'll be gone anyway."

So this is Siegfried, of whom Hitler said, "I want the German boy to be weatherproof, quick as a greyhound, tough as leather, hard as Krupp steel." Today Siegfried would settle for being just weatherproof.

There are others, too, who, in one Nazi way or another, helped bring Siegfried to his sorry state. A fair example is an ex-Nazi by the name of Franz Korb, who once taught boys of Siegfried's age their literature in Berlin University. Now 60, he is a bald and bewildered man living in two shabby rooms of an apartment in Zehlendorf, earning enough to buy his rations by doing routine catalog work for a publishing house. He talks in rambling reminiscence as if he were still struggling to retrace his steps and find that obscure, wrong turn in the road.

Korb was born an Austrian but in 1935 became a professor of literature at Berlin University. Followed then the pleasant years of lecturing, traveling, writing learnedly of Germany's literary masters. At the same time: "I rejoiced, as I still do, in the great social achievements of the Nazi party. Occasionally I had to fight some stupid party politics interfering with the university, but I was a contented Nazi. Of course I knew nothing of concentration camps."

This brings Franz Korb to the bleak part of his reflections: "The preparations for war . . . I couldn't believe they were real and serious." He still doesn't: "I am reading Churchill's memoirs these days, still trying to answer the awful question, how did this war come? I refuse to beat my breast



BLOCKADE OF BERLIN is shown symbolically in this map, with American, British and French sectors enclosed within an imaginary wall. Concentration of police and

and whimper *mea culpa, mea culpa*. I cannot believe that we alone were guilty." He confesses: "My faith in Hitler was shaken when I realized he did not always keep his promises. So many countries invaded . . . I did not realize till too late . . . Yes, this was my fault." But not really, after all, a most grievous fault, for the professor complains: "Nobody ever mentions, though, how bitterly *we* were disappointed who had believed in him, how much *we* suffered in our disillusionment, we who had sincerely believed in the goodness of Nazism." According to Franz Korb perhaps Hitler's greatest crime was to have beguiled Franz Korb.

"Their own little game"

FRIEDRICH NIEMANN, 58, an architect living fairly comfortably in a house he designed in Lichterfelde, spews hate of all around him: "I was never a Nazi, but all this makes me one. The French? I can't stand them and their affectations. The British? Lying hypocrites—Churchill crying for a United Europe now that England is bankrupt. Americans? Stupid as children when they touch Europe. Strip our forests, take away Pomerania, take away the Saar, take away the Ruhr, evict us from our homes, give us a starvation diet and then say to us, 'Let us unite to save Europe!' It's sickening."

Franz Trauberg is a movie producer and ex-Communist who fought in



power facilities in the Soviet sector (center and right) gives the Russians a tight grip inside the city, and they have closed the Autobahn and railroads (lower left) which reach

Berlin from west through the Russian zone. American air lift comes in at Tempelhof, near downtown area, while British are landing supplies at Gatow and on the Havel (left).

Spain's International Brigade and got his arm broken and teeth knocked out in a Gestapo concentration camp. Now, shrewd and experienced, he is a political drifter: "Three years ago it was possible to talk of working with the Allies because they were working with each other. We were told we had to do only two things really: be against militarism and be against Nazism. But that is not enough now. Now in the West we must be against the Russians, and in the East we must be against the Americans. Wherever you happen to be, that is the only way to prove yourself to be a true 'democrat.' So I say no, there is nothing for us Germans to do but be neutral and wait until Stalin and Truman finish playing their own little game."

"Their own little game!" It is a foolish, ignorant phrase. But it comes easily from German lips because of the things that German eyes have seen and German ears have heard, looking and listening these last three years at the spectacle of charge and countercharge, complaint and countercomplaint into which we, the conquerors, have turned our victory.

This is the sad and human setting for the battle for Berlin. It began, appropriately, on April Fools' Day with the stopping of all military passenger trains from our Western Zones to Berlin. The Russians did not stop them: we did, refusing to submit to Russian inspection. Quickly, to show dignity and power at a single stroke, the Americans called up scores of C-47s and DC-4s to throng the air corridor to Berlin. The British and French, who did not then have the planes, switched to buses over the

Autobahn where Russian inspection was deemed inoffensive. Then followed weeks of the Soviets' leisurely chipping away at the Western powers' position. They did this with the galling casualness of kids playing jackknife in their own backyard, which is how they regard Berlin. One day our trains loaded with Ruhr coal were turned back because the "freight cars are defective." Another day passenger trains were blocked because Berlin stations were "congested." Next day the Autobahn bridge over the Elbe went down for "urgent repairs."

Until lately the battle was fought with all sorts of weapons, including history textbooks. Russian professors insisted on teaching German children "the inevitability of war in the capitalist system" until they were persuaded that such lessons were inappropriate while the kiddies were being warned to shun militarism. Somehow Mark Twain and canned beef also got dragged into the fray. The beef (990 tons) came in with an American food shipment. Its labels innocently showed a picture of a horse and rider, so Military Government soon had to quash Russian rumors that it was feeding horsemeat to Berliners. And American officials had to stop a sly Russian attempt to have Berlin's children read a special edition of *Tom Sawyer* with a preface lauding the author as a sarcastic writer who exposed the "whole mendacity of the capitalist class and the hypocrisy and bigotry of the United States."

For the darker side we must look to the Soviets' Marshal Vasily Sokolov-

MRS. PARADINE IS ON TRIAL FOR HER LIFE!



Valli IS MRS. PARADINE!

in DAVID O. SELZNICK'S production of ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

THE PARADINE CASE

starring GREGORY PECK • ANN TODD • CHARLES LAUGHTON
CHARLES COBURN • ETHEL BARRYMORE • LOUIS JOURDAN • and **VALLI**



"Yes, I know... I'll reel it in as soon as I've finished breakfast."

Ever know a champion who'd skip that first meal of the day? Many champions insist, too, on Wheaties. Big bowlfuls with milk, fruit. Famous training

dish, Wheaties. Offers all the vitamins, minerals, and food energy of 100% whole wheat. Proteins too. "Breakfast of Champions"! Had your Wheaties today?

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

TWO KINDS

WITH 5% DDT
... for dogs. Kills fleas and lice quick. Keeps fleas off 5-7 days. Many home uses

OR WITH ROTENONE
... for cats, dogs. Quickly kills fleas, lice. Kills fleas when put on a single spot. Pre-war formula.

EITHER KIND: 25c & 50c



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Quick Relief from
Tired, Aching Feet,
Weak, Fallen Arch



Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise quickly relieves tired, aching feet; rheumatic-like foot and leg pains or sore heels, due to weak or fallen arches or flatfoot. Thin, light, flexible. Fit in any shoe like an insole. Expertly fitted at Shoe, Dept. Stores and at Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Shops. \$5.00 pair.

Dr. Scholl's FOOT-EAZERS



GERMANS MASS IN THE SOVIET SECTOR FOR NEW "OSTMARKS"

BERLIN CONTINUED

sky and the men and weapons at his command. The marshal is 51, nicely built, well-groomed, clean-shaven. He is a devoted family man, particularly proud of his son in the Red Army and of his daughter, a chemical engineer. He is a genial host who, in the pleasant parties of the past, readily joined in singing U.S. Air Force songs with his American guests. One of them remembers him thankfully because "he never forced vodka on you." His tastes are simple, his manner deferential. A Western official who knows him well says of him, "He is a man you would like to have as your friend, and he would be a credit to any country."

Being a credit to Soviet Russia means that the marshal must impose a special design-for-living on Berlin. He has two ways to do this: to club the city or to starve it. He is doing both.

One of the marshal's instruments is Paul Markgraf, boss of Berlin's police. He is a young man, well over 6 feet tall, with slick pale hair and hard, unblinking blue eyes, a Wehrmacht captain who was captured by the Russians at Stalingrad and speedily indoctrinated in the virtues of Communism by means of baths, light work, better food and much free time to reinforce his newly acquired convictions in the prison library. Markgraf qualified very quickly indeed, and on June 1, 1945 a special Russian plane flew the newly promoted "colonel" to Berlin. Under approving Soviet eyes the city's new *Polizeipräsident* went to work.

How to make a club

BOTH as a Prussian officer and a Russian tool Markgraf has always displayed two useful qualities: servility toward superiors, severity toward inferiors. Germans have a fine, wry little word for people like Markgraf — "bicyclists" — who are always pressing down with their heels and straining their necks upward. Someone who knows him well says simply, "He is wax in Russian hands. I've been in his office and watched him when the phone rings and I can tell by the chalky color his face gets and the nervous acquiescence in his voice when it is the MVD." This sort of thing must strain the nerves of even this perfect reincarnation of the medieval German mercenary. That is a reasonable explanation for Markgraf's fabulous consumption of straight schnapps. "He is not any ordinary drunk," one of his contemptuous subordinates has said. "He is the real discoverer of drink."

I spent an hour with Markgraf the other day in the cinder-colored *Polizeipräsidium* on Elsasser Strasse in the Russian sector. He has acquired a veneer of culture, and he talks casually of Goethe,



ISSUED BY RUSSIANS TO COUNTER WEST'S CURRENCY REFORM

Schiller, Shakespeare, and of his riding, hunting, swimming, boxing and auto-racing. No bicycling.

"What do you think of the Western powers' evidence of kidnapping by the Russians?" I asked Markgraf.

"If I believe all I read, must I believe General Kotikov when he says the Americans have kidnapped 40,000 Germans in their sector?"

"You do not feel that the German police might investigate and decide whether one side or the other is telling the truth? As long as each side accuses the other of kidnapping, kidnapping is all right?"

"We are only instruments of four-power government. We execute orders, we do not judge them."

No Nazi tried at Nürnberg ever stated his philosophy more lucidly.

In this effort of Markgraf and the MVD to bludgeon Berlin into submission, shadowing agents, warning phone calls, tapped lines, threatening letters are merely the trivial daily nuisances that plague Socialists and Christian Democrats. Others less fortunate find their way to the garish, bluish-gray house on the Kupfergraben where the MVD holds court. How many have gone that way? Socialist leader Franz Neumann, who should know, says he has a list of names up to the end of 1947. The out-of-date total: 6,455.

So much for terror and prisons. Now look at Berlin's warehouses. They are crammed to the rafters with everything this city can today produce: radios, electric bulbs, cables, machine parts. They are gathering dust, awaiting Soviet licenses for shipment to markets in the Western Zones. Since April Fools' Day Berlin's factories have asked for thousands of permits covering goods valued at 12 million marks; they have been allowed to ship 2 millions' worth. The big Siemens factory had 17 out of its 672 April applications approved. This is how Berlin, in its trade with the Western Zones, has piled up a 515-million-mark deficit. How tightly must Berlin be choked before factories start closing, unemployed men start rioting and Communist "action committees" go to work?

How, until our current display of strength, have the Western powers matched the marshal's "little game?" The noises and motions of the Allies' official world are impressive. It is a furiously spinning world of racing typewriters (plenty of carbons), boards of experts, rolls of statistics, conferences, long-distance phone calls to great capitals, staff studies, briefings, messengers on motorcycle, telegrams stacked neatly in INCOMING and OUTGOING boxes and vast quantities of mimeographed press releases. And through all the turmoil runs the drone of the interpreter—that poker-faced

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

LEADING DERMATOLOGISTS SAY

Pure Castile is the best Shampoo

Don't scour your hair with soapless synthetics —when Conti cleanses so safely, so economically! Buy Conti Castile Shampoo, made only with 100% pure castile and pure olive oil.

Laboratory Tests Prove that Conti . . .

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Conti Never Dries Out the Hair or Scalp

Conti Castile
THE QUALITY SHAMPOO

Quick as a wink!

RECIPE FOR

UNDERWOOD DEVEILED HAM CANAPÉ

Cut bread in squares, rounds, diamond shapes, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, toast to delicate brown, spread liberally with UNDERWOOD DEVEILED HAM. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in hot oven. Delicious!

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SANDWICH SPREAD

UNDERWOOD
DEVEILED HAM

★For superb sandwiches and snacks, there's nothing like UNDERWOOD DEVEILED HAM. A natural, too, spread on hot buttered toast under eggs. There's flavor at its best!

LITTLE LULU



"Look, Mister, Kleenex* jumps up, too!"

Little Lulu says... Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue Box—pull just one double tissue—up pops another! Compare tissues, compare boxes—you'll see why Kleenex is America's favorite tissue.

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



LOUDSPEAKER TRUCKS, converted from U.S. weapons carriers, substitute for German radios to convey important announcements when the Russians shut down electricity supply. Sign is abbreviation for "American Radio."

BERLIN CONTINUED

imposter pretending that he enables everyone to speak the same language.

Why is the product of all this commotion not more impressive? There are competent men among the usual mediocrities. The West's three commanders—General Lucius Clay, General Sir Brian Robertson and General Joseph-Pierre Koenig—are not particularly fond of one another (I suspect that they like Sokolovsky better than any other colleague). But that is no reason.

The reason is that the Western powers came to Berlin on Moscow's terms three years ago—and did not know it until it was too late. In 1944 American and British diplomats easily accepted Soviet assurances that no detailed written accord about roads or railroads to Berlin was necessary. "All those details will take care of themselves," explained one American general. A year later, when General Eisenhower turned over Thuringia to the Red Army, the thought of requiring Russian guarantees on Berlin still seemed nasty and suspicious. So the Western powers came to this fateful poker game without chips. What surprises is not that they have played the game without especial brilliance, but that they are still in the game at all.

Why then has Berlin not yet been lost? Because, in part, we have at last stood firm. And because, out of all this rubble and darkness, something new and strangely strong has risen. Stubborn, irrational Berlin has refused to be lost. Berlin, in great part, is proud of its pain.

There are good Germans

LAST May Day 120,000 workers, celebrating the occasion with an anti-Communist rally before the Reichstag, cheered the Christian Democratic labor leader who cried, "It took the Allies to free us from the brown dictatorship. It will take the courageous will of freedom-loving Berliners to save us from dictatorship of another color!"

A few weeks ago 1,200 students of Berlin University climbed into the ruins of the Hotel Esplanade to demand a free university in west Berlin in response to the call: "Students of Berlin, if you fail to fight the claims of totalitarianism today, tomorrow will be too late! You cannot show yourselves less resolute than the students of Prague!"

More than 100 Socialist and Democratic representatives in Berlin's City Assembly defied Marshal Sokolovsky's order declaring Berlin part of the Soviet Zone, and later had to fight their way through 2,000 Communist rioters screaming "Traitors!" The day after the Communists in retaliation invaded the assembly, 60,000 Berliners assembled to cheer Franz Neumann when he said, "If the Western powers cannot protect our freedom in Berlin, we will do it

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1. **HELPS PREVENT GUM IRRITATION**
Liquid TEEL lets you massage gums gently... helps promote healthy gums.
2. **CLEANS TEETH SPECIAL EASY WAY**
TEEL contains no abrasives. Get teeth sparkling clean *safely*. Get TEEL today and follow special directions on the package.

Refreshes your breath, too! Liquid TEEL penetrates tooth crevices instantly... removes decaying food particles which cause much bad breath... refreshes your mouth on contact! Pleasant, tangy flavor. Try it!



CLEANS TEETH
—Beautifully!

ourselves"; and when the hated name of Markgraf was mentioned, they cried, "Hang him!"

Here are some of these people:

Heinrich Droms is 60, bald, with big ears, a light brush mustache and sad, gray-green eyes. He is the head of Berlin's transport union. By trade he is an *Obermeister* who has worked in locomotive and tool-engineering shops all his life—except when he lost his job in 1933 for refusing to play Nazi politics in the unions. Now he won't play Communist politics and he is one of the leaders in the fight to break the Red hold on Berlin's 720,000 organized workers. In his office the other day he said, "Between democracy and dictatorship, compromise is impossible. We had 12 years of one. Now we're going to fight for the other. The Russians and the Communists have no weapon, however terrible, that we have not learned about from the Nazis." But he needs help: "If the Western powers only helped us nearly as much as the Russians assist the Communists. Food is what counts." Why, I asked Droms, did two out of three transport workers vote in their union elections against the Communists, despite all the Soviets could do? He slapped his desk hard and all but shouted, "*Das ist Berlin!* In spite of the stomach we can still use our heads and hearts. We are not going to sell ourselves for Esau's dish—*Linsengericht!*"

Peter Lorenz is a tall, skinny, undernourished boy of 25 who studies law at Berlin University and heads the Christian Democratic youth group in Berlin. He has no political ambitions: "I am in politics today only so I can stay out of them the rest of my life, practice law and grow tomatoes." His battle is unequal: "We are fighting a world power with every means at its command—money, men, guns, food, nightsticks. What are we given to fight with? Not even a *Volkswagen* to save the worn leather on this one pair of shoes. But not one of us is going to run to the Western Zones. The fight in Germany today is to keep this one light shining in Soviet territory, even dimly, but keep it shining."

Jeanette Wolff is a short, gray-haired little woman, just 5 feet tall, who still looks like the governess that she once was. Today in Berlin's City Assembly she is known to some of her Socialist colleagues as "the Trumpet." The Nazis jailed her in 1933 as a Jew charged with "stirring unrest." Her legs were badly injured in concentration camps where she spent six years. A score of her relatives died in other camps and she herself ended in the death house of Stutthof near Danzig, where she was freed in 1945. The day after she recently celebrated her 60th birthday, Red Army trucks carried 2,000 Communist thugs to the doors of the drab stucco building on Parochialstrasse where the City Assembly was meeting. After the wild meeting grandmotherly Jeanette Wolff looked at the mob in the street and murmured, "They're mad. This is 1933 all over again." She tried to get through. The mob closed in, screaming "Traitor!" and "Jewish pig!" She was kicked in the legs, beaten to the ground, finally carried to a hospital. Next day, when

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



GENERAL CLAY, Mrs. Clay and George, their Scotty, walk peacefully home at day's end, passing well-dressed Americans and shabby Germans along route. Americans in Berlin have the best houses in least-damaged suburbs of city.

"wonderful—
a deodorant in pads—as
individual as facial tissues!"



STOP PERSPIRATION AND ODOR IN 2 SECONDS!

Here's why 5 DAY DEODORANT PADS are superior!

A fingertip pad saturated with a marvelously effective deodorant. Dab it on for a second... then throw it away. Each cooling 5 Day Pad is individual...completely sanitary. Discover this daintier, more effective way to lasting freshness today.

greaseless—not a cream... not messy to use... nothing to cake... no sticky fingers... no chance of soiling clothes or delicate underthings.

quick-drying—just a dab of a 5 Day Pad—that's all... no waiting... no liquid to drip or spill... drying is practically instant!

safe—5 Day Deodorant Pads are harmless to skin and clothes... require no after-bathing... will not discolor fabrics.



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Dry Clean it Yourself with **SUPER RENUZIT**

YOU'LL DO
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YOU'LL SAVE
TIME AND
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Just "**DIP
and RINSE**"
WITH
**AMERICA'S NO. 1
HOME DRY CLEANER**

Dry Clean At Home? Sure! Everybody's doing it! It's as easy as pie to dry clean a dress, blouse or tie! You'll get better dry cleaning—with no shrinking, no stretching, no disappointments. **SUPER RENUZIT** is "SAFE"—safe for home use—safe for fine fabrics—safe for fast colors!

AS LITTLE AS **15c**
TO DRY CLEAN A DRESS
In Less Than 5 Minutes' Time

Pennies do the work of dollars when you dry clean it yourself! You save on all your wearables, you save on your rugs, drapes, slip covers, upholstered furniture and everything else that's dry cleanable. Get the Super Renuzit habit—it's wonderful!
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IT REALLY WORKS ON **LIPSTICK • FRUIT STAINS**
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SOCIALISTS CHEERED Jeanette Wolff for braving Communist thugs who had beaten her as she left Assembly. Colleagues call her "the Trumpet" and admire the courage with which she says, "None of us can be kicked down."

BERLIN CONTINUED

60,000 anti-Communists held their rally on Hertha Platz in the French sector of Berlin, Jeanette arrived a little late. Hobbling on a cane, she slowly made her way through the cheering crowd to the microphones, a tiny figure in sober black with a prim white bow at her neck. There was dirt beneath her fingernails as she gripped the rostrum strongly and power in the voice that cried, "None of us can be kicked down for long. Those who summoned the mob to serve them yesterday have lost their last bit of respect among Berlin's people. We shall not stumble and we shall not fall. This is not Prague, this is Berlin."

In this embattled city where the women outnumber the men by 3 to 2 there is another woman worth knowing. She is a nervy, handsome, auburn-haired widow by the name of Annedore Leber. The husband she lost was Julius Leber, one of the German labor movement's few great foes of Nazism, and today she is one of the most eloquent members of Berlin's *Stadtparlament*.

This frightening spring and summer of 1948 takes her mind back to the awful spring of 1944 when she and her husband were among those plotting to remove Hitler, and every night the conspirators met in the Lebers' air-raid shelter. Julius was caught just a fortnight before their plans were to be fulfilled. After the famous July 20 bomb exploded in vain, all the families of the conspirators were rounded up by the Gestapo. After three months Annedore, her two children and the other new widows and their children were released. Julius was beheaded. Annedore went to work as a dress designer.

Ordeal of the West

TODAY'S battle is to her merely a new one in an old war. As she expresses it, "This is a moral battle. Germany must be 'neutral' in the strictly political sense of never again being an aggressor or an instrument for someone else's aggression. But there can be no 'neutrality' on a moral issue: you cannot be 'neutral' about freedom or slavery. Communists and those who believe in freedom both speak of 'democracy,' but as they might speak of a thing so simple as a bell. For Communists democracy is an ugly, monstrous bell that covers and smothers everything beneath it. For us democracy means millions of little bells that no one man can strike. They must ring spontaneously in the hearts of a whole people."

As we talked Frau Leber's bright blue eyes stirred with a vivid memory, clouding a little, then sparkling with conviction. She

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

Light and well
balanced in the hand

EASY to get the heat
you want with large Pancake Dial

Quick in action...
every inch of ironing surface
registers the same even heat

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Price includes
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... now in the housewares section at your
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Have carefree feet again. Blue-Jay's soft Dura-felt pad instantly stops shoe pressure pain. Then wonderful Nupercaine, exclusive with Blue-Jay, curbs irritating surface pain. Gentle medication loosens hard "core"—you just lift it out in a few days! And Blue-Jays are streamlined, flesh-colored, non-slip. Ask today for Blue-Jay...

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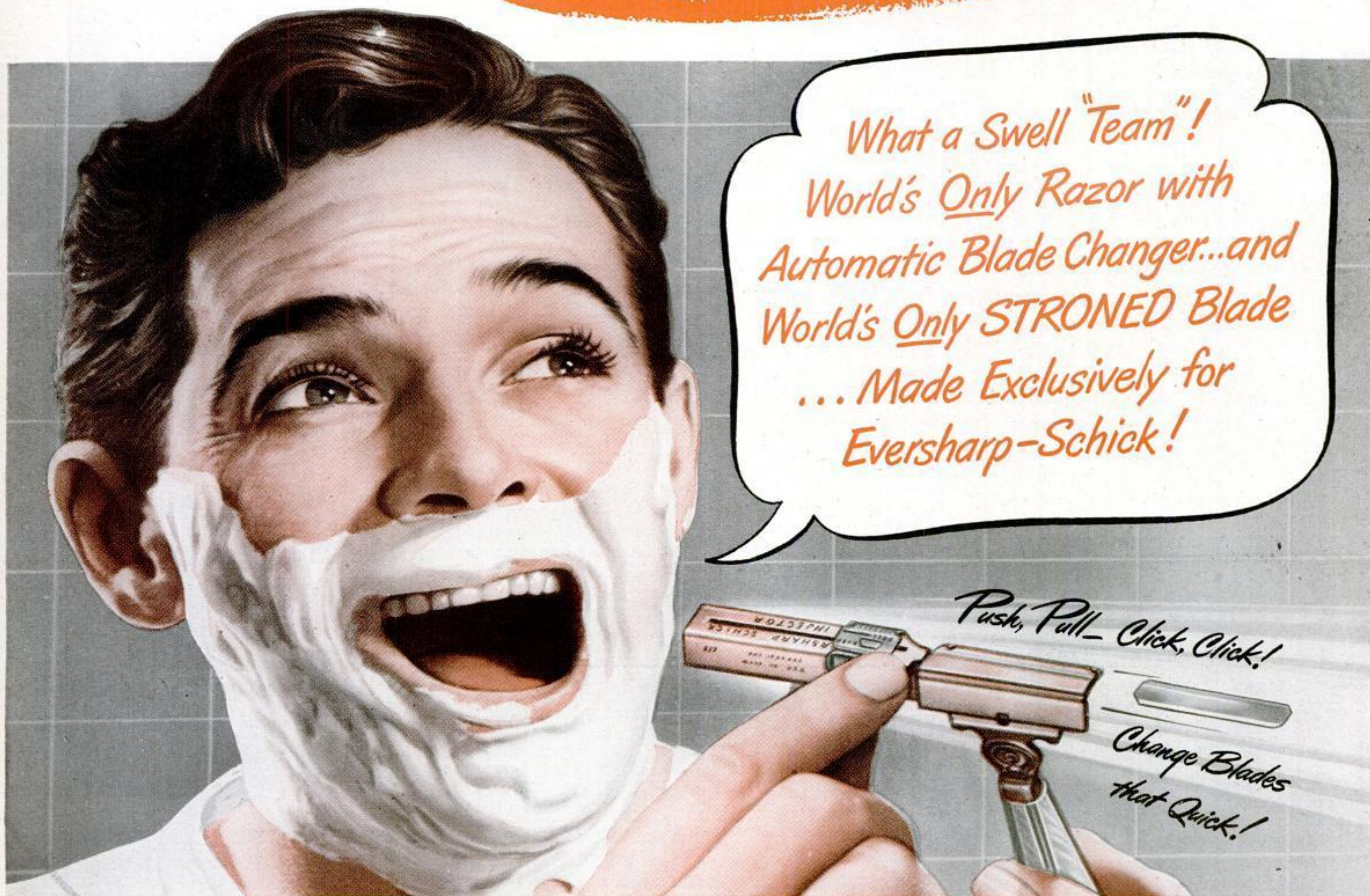
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Twice as sharp—because they're STRONED!

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These revolutionary new Eversharp-Schick Injector Blades are made exclusively to fit the Eversharp-Schick Injector Razor—world's only razor with automatic blade changer. So, if you own one, you're lucky.

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10 stroned blades 50¢. 20 stroned blades still only 75¢.

Buy your Eversharp-Schick **STRONED** Blades today! Ask for *two* injectors.

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This Great Razor and STRONED Blade "Team"
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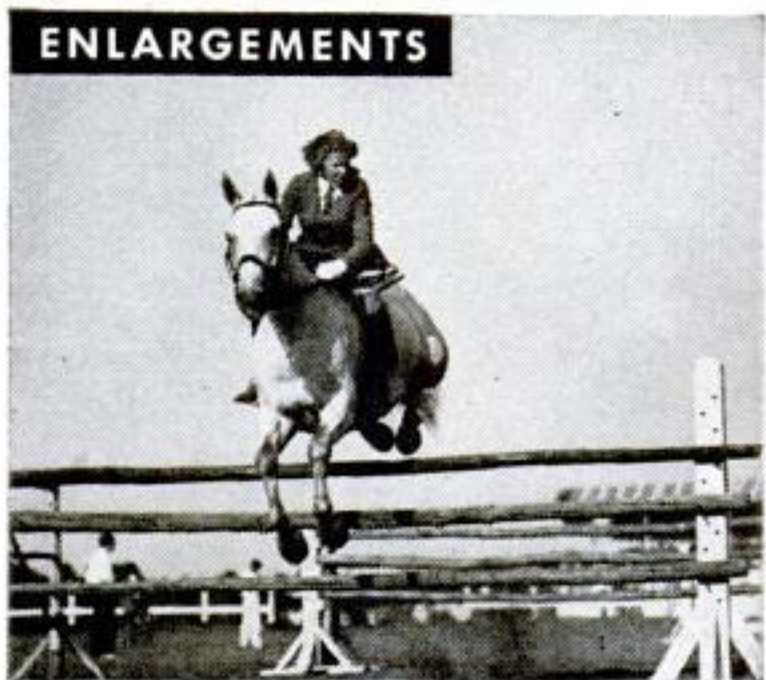
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BERLIN CONTINUED

leaned forward and said, "I remember one of those evenings in the awful spring of 1944. I asked my husband, 'Do you truly think we can succeed?' He said, 'I don't really know. I only know we must try, because I have only one head and there is nothing better to do with it than risk it in this.' I cannot do less, can I?"

Does all this mean anything to the West, to the U.S.A.? Our diplomats tell us that Berlin means several things: it involves our national prestige, it would be dangerously exploited as a fake German capital if left to the Soviets, and we would lose face in a retreat behind the Elbe. And after such a retreat our stature in Western Germany itself would have shrunk from that of conquerors to that of political refugees. Only time would delay our retreat behind the Rhine—and beyond. All this is true and important. But it is not the whole truth.

On the other side is the French official who remarked to me with Gallic dryness the other day, "Many things are possible in French politics, but one thing that is not possible is to arouse Frenchmen to defend Berlin." Other people on both sides of the Atlantic may be more blunt: "Berlin! We just finished pulverizing it. Now are we supposed to get excited about saving it?"

The answer is yes.

Only two years have passed since the people of Berlin held their first free election after we destroyed the Nazi regime, and the American-licensed press of Berlin carried memorable headlines: "DO NOT BE AFRAID! . . . There is no reason to fear . . . The rumor has spread in Berlin that the Americans and British will leave . . . How unfounded! . . . How stupid!" Four out of five Berliners voted Communism into defeat, and to date only a few have been caught and punished by the Russians.

But the West made a much more binding moral commitment than this. It made it three years ago, when the bloody road from the Normandy beaches, over the Rhine and the Elbe, ended here. This was the moment when the West came not only to conquer but also to judge. The conquered were indicted for their mass failure to fight tyranny until it was too late. The judging West brushed aside all expedient excuses. And the conquered were enjoined never to permit this to happen again. Is there any more solemn moral relationship than that between judge and accused? What becomes of that relationship should the judge—on the very scene of judgment, over the grave of Nazism—yield to the weakness for which he so recently passed sentence?

Berlin today is not alone in testing the stamina of free men. They are being tested ruthlessly around the world. Berlin is unique in something else. It is here that the moral claim of the West in World War II is passing its ordeal by fire. Surrender of these ruins, which we so systematically produced, would mean much more than yielding the grim symbol and trophy of what we won three years ago; more, too, than the humiliation of retreat over the same road that we fought so hard for then. Surrender would be a confession that in July 1945 we did not really have the dignity and moral purpose we boasted. It would be a confession that we simply had a gun.

We had more than that. We carried with us the integrity of the West. We may have to prove it again, in Berlin.



FRAU LEBER lost her husband to Hitler's headsman. Now she is fighting what she calls "a moral battle" for a free Berlin at the heart of a united Germany.

INSIST ON THE
LONG LASTING
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WITH 5% DDT

Think of it—one spraying lasts for weeks. You don't have to spray every few hours to kill the insects in your home. No bomb type spray or other sprays containing less than 5% DDT can equal this for lasting effect. Flit Surface Spray with 5% DDT is so powerful a single application kills insects today—tomorrow—even next month.



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Chee-Wees are tasty puffed cornmeal, fried to a crunchy, golden brown, cheese coated and salted. Marvelous with all kinds of hot or cold drinks. Different, delicious!



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COTTON PICKING TIME
and smart women are picking

QUADRIGA CLOTH *The world's finest cotton*



Suds don't
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New fashions
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colors are
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STANDING IN A HAPPY DREAMWORLD OF PEPPERMINT LOLLIPOPS, 11-YEAR-OLD TONI HARPER SAUCILY SINGS THE CATCHY WORDS OF HER "CANDY STORE BLUES"

NEW BLUES SINGER

Redcap's daughter, 11, makes big hit with tune about a candy store

"I'm nine years old but I'll soon be 24. . . . The man I marry gotta own a candy store."* With these purposeful lyrics from a catchy tune called *Candy Store Blues*, her first recording, husky-voiced Toni Harper (above) has bounced into the hit class only a few weeks after the record's release. The ballad, written especially for Toni, who is now 11, promises far richer rewards for the young singer than any single candy store could hold.

The daughter of a Los Angeles redcap, Toni

learned to sing at 7 by listening to her father's hot jazz records. Her ripe young voice, which has a sultry quality somewhere between the murmurings of Maxine Sullivan and the sexy moans of Billie Holiday, has won her a five-year contract with Columbia Records, a featured role in a movie and numerous radio offers. But her syncopated style has proved too rich for her teachers, who never let her sing solos in school. This does not bother Toni. "School songs," she states firmly, "are corny."

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One BIG LIFT coming up!

A chocolate-'n'-peanut bar that's a treat to eat

Ziegler's Candies

delicious food since 1861.
Enjoy some every day.

Want some quick energy to lick that summertime slump? Bite into a Giant Bar. Taste that sweet milk chocolate that goes *all the way through*. Let it melt in your mouth. And roll your tongue over those crisp roasted peanuts. . . . Look for this solid chocolate bar in its yellow and brown wrapper wherever candy is sold.

George Ziegler Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin



ROLLERSKATING outside her home, Toni Harper is towed by dog. When Cab Calloway heard Toni sing, he said admiringly, "That little gal is real gone."

Give
Flair to
Chicken Gravy

Add
1 teaspoon
Heinz
Prepared Yellow
Mustard
to gravy
just before
bringing to
a boil.



● Flavorful Heinz Prepared Mustard is a "must" for sandwiches and baked ham!

Give your
meals a lift with
these condiments, too!

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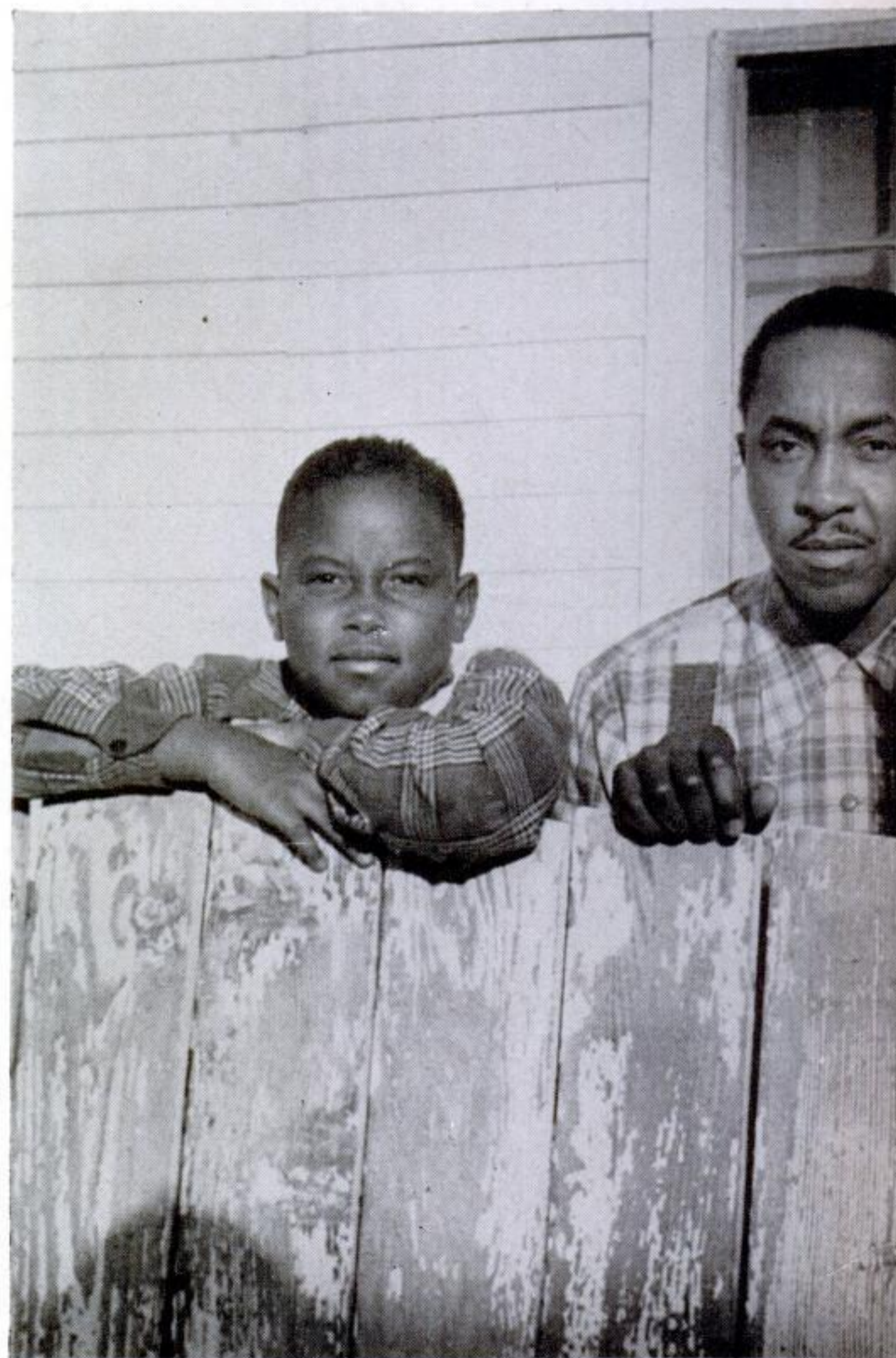


for that distinctive
tangy flavor of
CHEEZ-IT crackers!



*America's
largest selling cheese cracker!*

A Quality Product of Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.



FAMILY PORTRAIT on the Harpers' back fence shows (from the left) Toni's brother Henry Jr., 9; her father, who is a redcap in Los Angeles Union Station;



DANCING with Nick Castle, Toni imitates the teacher's gestures. Castle discovered Toni's singing ability when he overheard her improvising a jazz melody.



her mother, Phedonia Harper, who once danced in the Cotton Club chorus, and Toni. The girl's earnings this year are expected to total approximately \$20,000.



"But Mom, what's the matter with lullabies?"



BABY: Now that you're being *me* for a day, Mom, I thought you'd like to hear lullabies. They're supposed to be *soothing*!

MOM: Honey, it's going to take more than lullabies to soothe *me*! I've been wriggling and twisting ever since I woke up. And my skin's so uncomfortable I could *howl*!

BABY: Can't sympathize, Mom. Maybe *now* you see that a baby's skin needs plenty of Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: I'll listen to anything, lamb! Tell me—why do you need *both* Oil and Powder?

BABY: Mom, that's the secret: Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Oil for after-bath smoothovers, more of it at diaper changes, to help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

And these hot summer days, I can use lots of silky Johnson's Baby Powder for cooling sprinkles that help chase little chafes and prickles. *That's* how to soothe a baby!

MOM: Angel, I guess your mother hasn't been quite *hep*! But you can put this on the record: From now on, it's Johnson's Baby Oil for you—Johnson's Baby Powder too!



Johnson-Johnson



The wide-opening **yes** box is welcome news:
Tissues lift out in the number you choose!



Cold-creaming's a song
because **yes** is so strong!

What help **yes** can be
when you go to see!



Love can be beautiful
yes is so dutiful!



Hay make you "hatchoo"?
only soft **yes** will do!

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BENEATH THE TOWERS OF WINDSOR CASTLE HELMETED LIFE GUARDS AWAIT THEIR KING. ROYAL STANDARD FLIES FROM ROUND TOWER IN HIS HONOR

The Royal Order of the Garter

"Life" attends the celebration of its 600th year

England, still the world's treasure island of orders, titles and traditions, cherishes none more than the Most Noble Order of the Garter. It was founded 600 years ago when, legend says, King Edward III picked a lady's garter from the floor to spare her embarrassment and thereafter gave his favored knights garters to wear on their armor. After George III's reign the Garter became a purely political gift. To rescue the order after World War II, George VI selected his new members carefully and installed them this year with full ceremony, the first since 1805. Among the 14 new knights and one new lady who marched to their stalls in St. George's Chapel were men who served England well in battle and in office: Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, Viscount Alexander of Tunis and lords of both Government and Opposition. But most commoners crowding the battlements and greens of Windsor Castle along the route turned their eyes to the plumed hats which marked Princess Elizabeth and her husband (*right*) as new companions of the order. As these two emerged from the chapel, it looked as if the noble order was good for another six hundred years.



KING AND QUEEN leave chapel past Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh (*right*). Mantle emblems bear order's motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. (Evil to him who evil thinks), remark of Edward III as he recovered lady's garter.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



IN CHOIR OF ST. GEORGE'S, empty after the ceremony, the banners, helmets and swords of new companions hang over their stalls beside those of older members. British royalty sits in stalls in far background; other knights and ladies in facing rows in foreground. The Emperor of Japan and King Victor Emmanuel of

Italy, once honorary members, were degraded when they became England's enemies in World War II and their standards were taken down from the walls. Otf-married Henry VIII, one of four English kings who reigned during the 53 years required to build the chapel, is buried in a vault beneath the checkered floor.



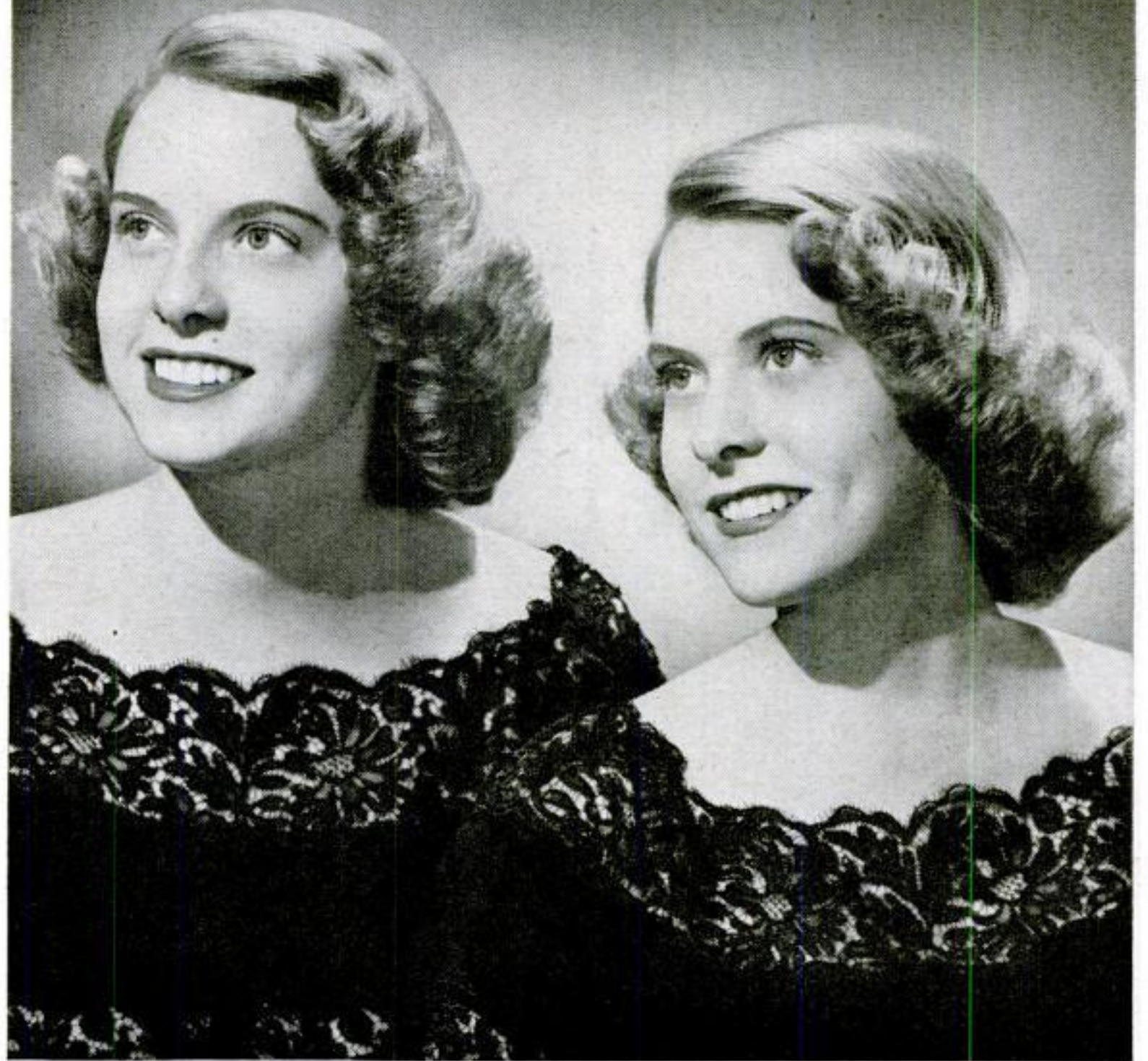
PRINCESS ELIZABETH in mannish velvet cloak sets off for the chapel ceremony. Clothing shortage forced new members to use mantles of dead knights.



PRINCESS' BANNER is prepared by artist at the College of Arms. It consists of the royal arms modified by two red crosses of St. George and a Tudor rose.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

So soft, so smooth, so natural-looking. You'll say your Toni is the loveliest permanent you've ever had. But, before giving yourself a Toni you will want to know—

Will TONI give me a loose or tight wave?

With Toni you can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a loose, natural-looking wave to a halo of soft ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No wonder Toni is used by more than a million women a month.

How long will it take me?

The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

Why is TONI a Creme?

Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion waves the hair gently—leaves it soft as silk with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness even on the first day.

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just

as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

How about having a TONI party?

Grand idea! Invite your friends next Saturday afternoon—and have each bring along a Toni kit. While your permanents are "taking" have fun—listen to the radio or enjoy your favorite records.

Which Twin has the TONI?

Lovely Alva Anderson, of Evanston, Illinois, the twin at the right, has the Toni. And her sister Alice says, "When I saw how beautifully Alva's Toni wave turned out, I wished I were the Toni Twin."

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers is just \$2. The Toni Refill Kit costs only \$1... yet there's no finer wave at any price.




Tune in "Give and Take" 2 P. M., Eastern Time, Saturday, C B S Network

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Greatest Whiskey Achievement
Since 1840*

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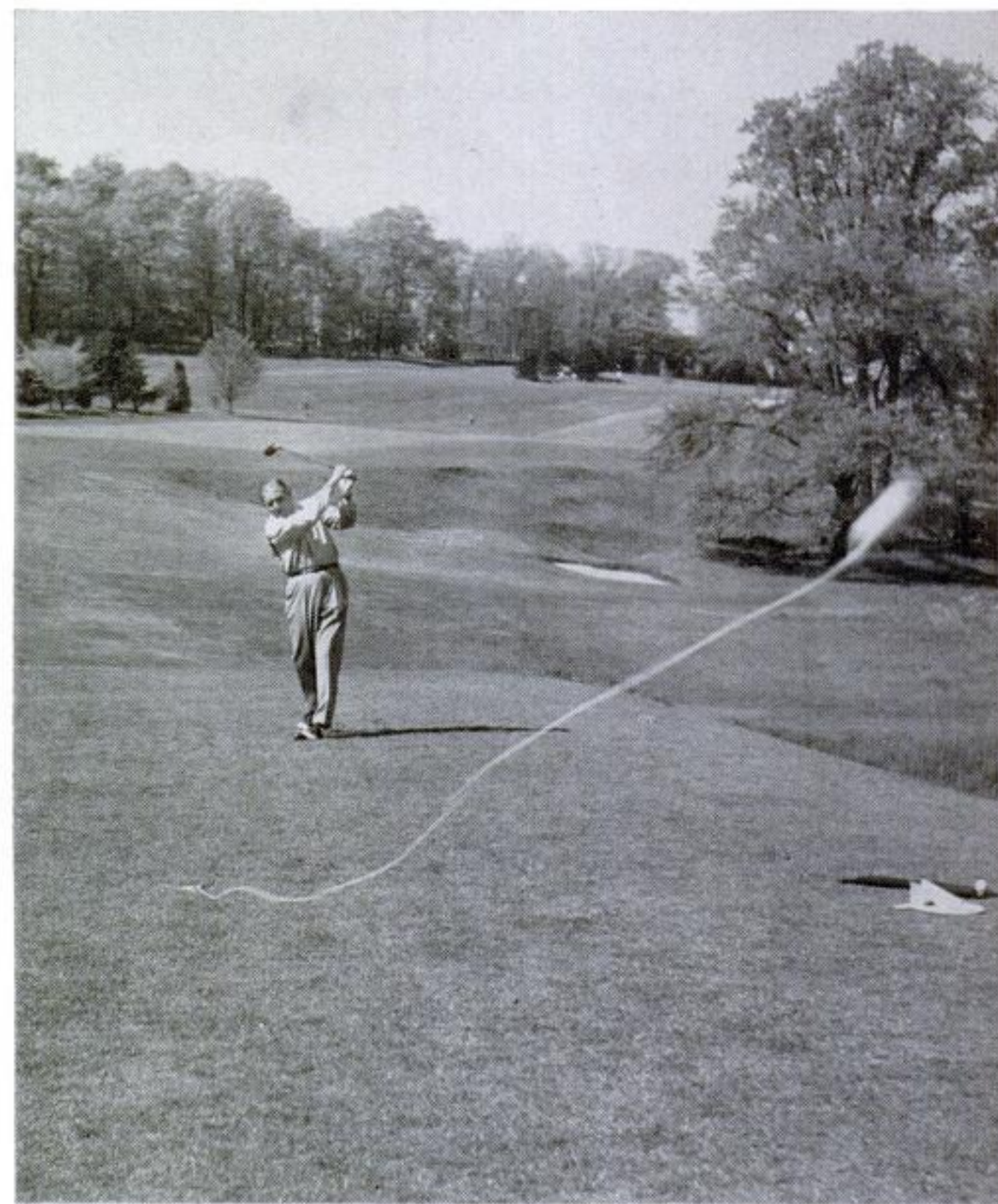
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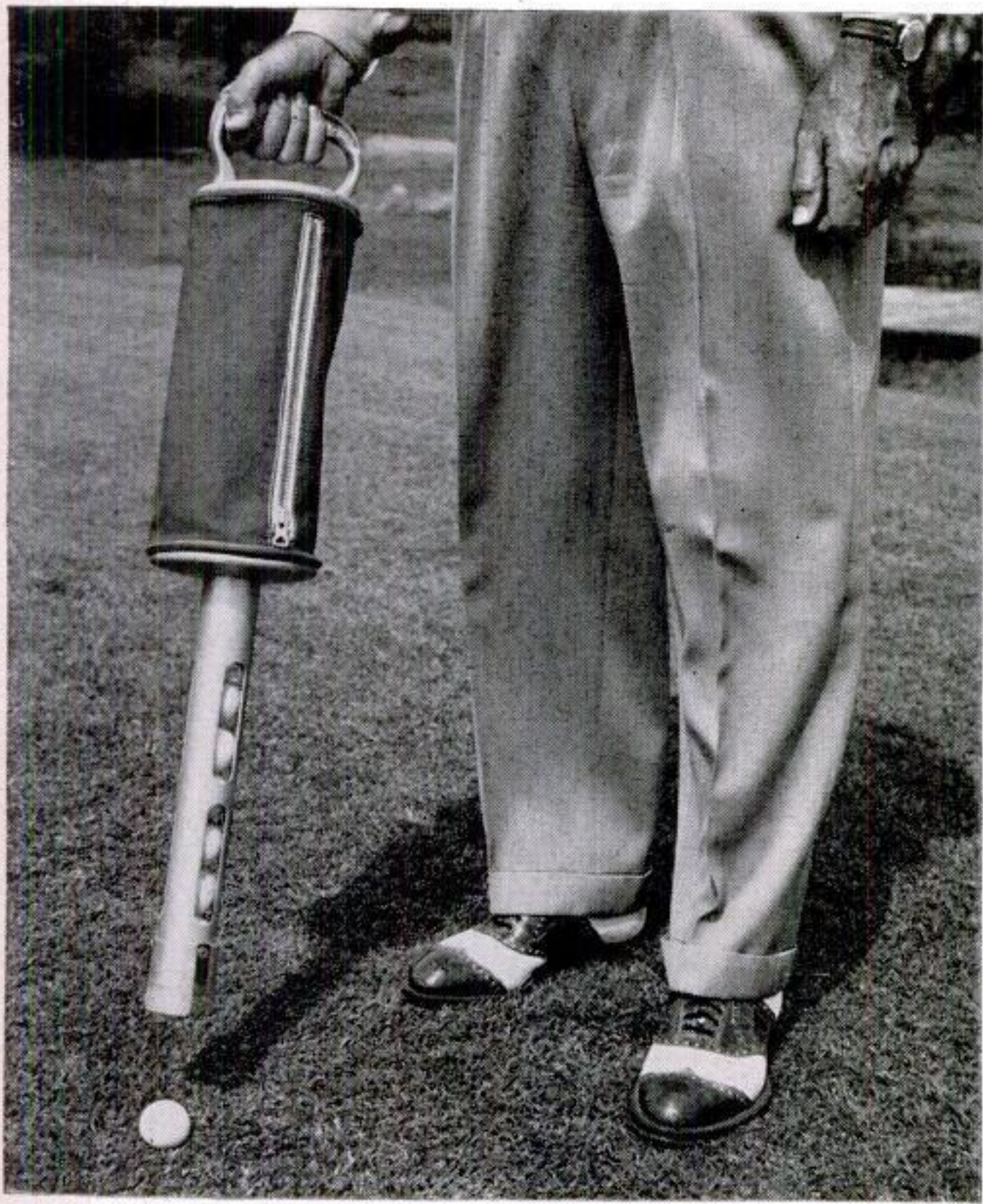
GOLFScope indicates the distance from golfer to hole. Cylindrical scale calculates this according to apparently different sizes of pin at different distances.



BALL ON CORD, driven here by Golf Pro Joe Kirkwood, is for practice in small areas. Cord, held by stakes, returns ball to the golfer's feet if hit squarely.

GOLFERS' GADGETS

New crop includes everything from retrievers to mirrors to help the duffer approach par



GOLF BALL RETRIEVER picks practice balls from the fairway, eliminates bending. As gadget is pushed down over balls they pass through tube into bag.



BALL IN STREAM is fished out for pupil by Kirkwood. This device, called the "Retrevit," has a wire basket on its end, telescopes to fit into the golf bag.

In the perennial pursuit of par, America's three million golfers spend \$40 million annually for equipment. A surprisingly large proportion of this money goes for the scores of ingenious gadgets which are supposed to help every duffer hit his tee shot a little farther, get on the green a little sooner and putt a little bit straighter. While some of these gadgets help lower the golfer's score, others soothe his sensitive nerves, like the "Retrevit" (above) which makes it simple to fish a poorly hit ball out of a stream. In spite of the expenditures of cash and energy, however, less than .5% of all the golfers in the U.S. can shoot par or under.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

YOU name it!

- ➔ Automatic lighting . . . no matches.
- ➔ Automatic clock control . . . times and cooks oven meal all by itself.
- ➔ Automatic heat control . . . no guessing at temperatures.
- ➔ Smokeless broiling . . . no pre-heating.
- ➔ Perfect baking . . . only Gas air-circulated ovens bake and brown so evenly!
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Automatic
Gas Range



You'll do the fastest, cleanest, easiest cooking in your life on a new automatic Gas range. This super-modern Cribben & Sexton UNIVERSAL Gas range is just one of the many built to "CP" standards. Choose one for your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"*

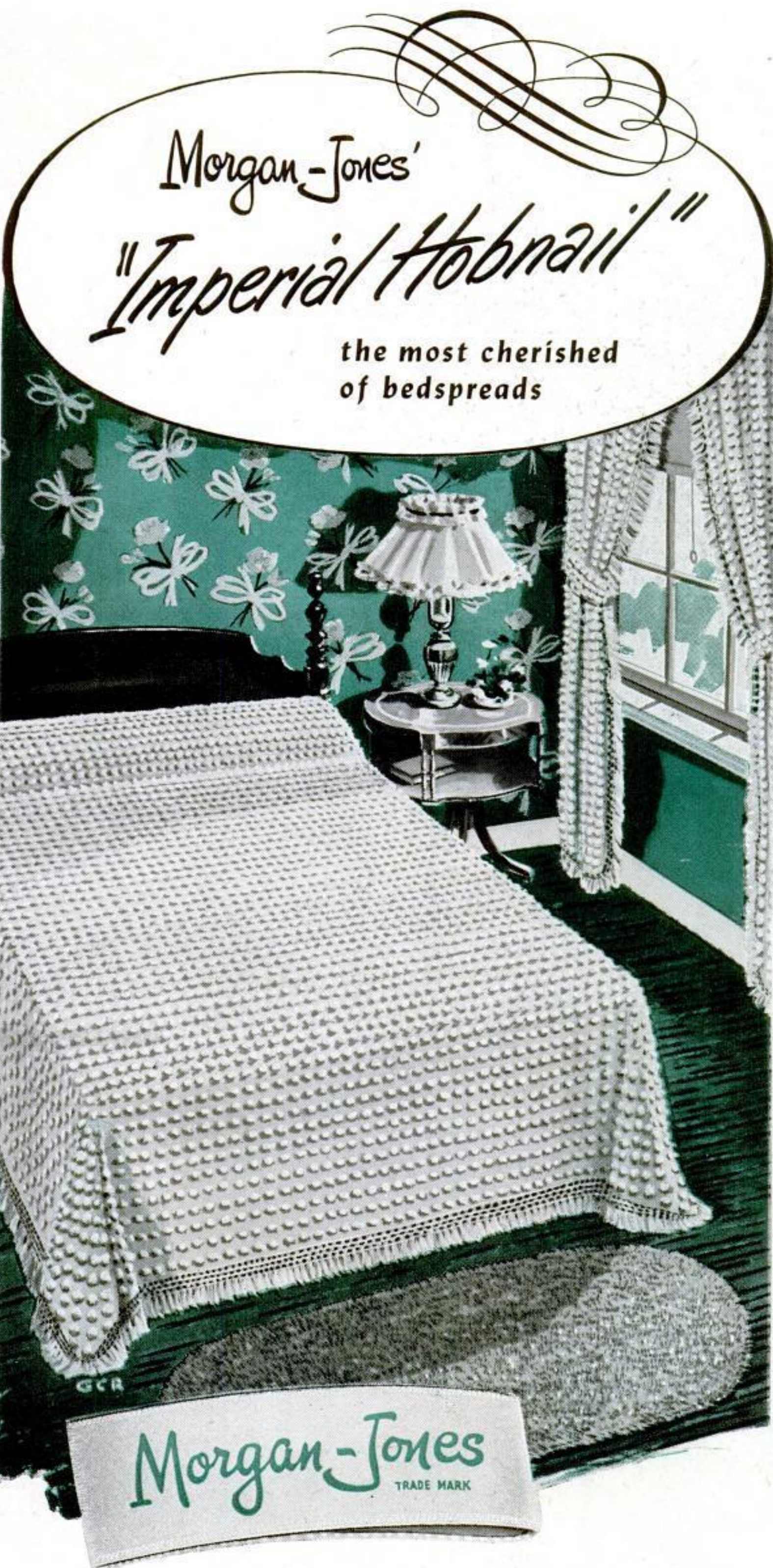
from the choice now available at your local Gas Company or Gas appliance dealer's. For perfect performance, make sure that it carries this "CP" seal.



AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

*Cert. Mark, Amer. Gas Assoc., Inc.

GAS has got it!



Count its dainty "powder-puff" tufts—there are thousands! And after each laundering, when you shake out the bedspread, all its woven-in tufts open like flowers, bright and fluffy as blossoms. It's a bedspread you never iron!

Being practical, you will also like its strong cotton background, and its washable colors: blue, green, maize, peach, dusty rose, gray, as well as all-white. The colors are vat-dyed, so they will never tinge that luxurious, snow-white fringe!

Give your room a "Morgan-Jones look." The cost is so very low.

Get matching "Imperial Hobnail" drapes, too—with the Simpleat feature that makes them hang in pinch pleats.

MORGAN-JONES, INC., 58 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13



Golfers' Gadgets CONTINUED



MIRRORS built into putter enable golfer to line up reflection of his eye with reflection of the pin. But perfect stroke is still needed to knock ball into hole.



ALL-PURPOSE CLUB has an adjustable head and can be used to play all iron shots. Trick clubs like these are for fun; they are illegal in tournaments.



GOLF-BALL MARKER made of aluminum alloy stamps either initials or full name of player onto ball, eliminates fairway arguments over ownership.



Mountain Breeze Juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon. 1 jigger Merito Rum (Gold Label). Serve with ice in tall glass. Fill with club soda. Stir. Decorate with cherry, slice of orange. Top with sprig of mint. Enjoy.

Daiquiri Not just good, señor, *superb*. Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ green lime. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar. 1 jigger Merito Rum (White Label). Shake well in cracked ice. Sip slowly—with pleasure!

Cuba Libre 1 jigger Merito Rum (White or Gold Label) poured on ice in tall glass. Fill with cola beverage and stir. Add slice of lemon or lime and serve.

“Try these delecticious cool rum drinks made with

MERITO Rum

THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

The better the rum, the better the drink.

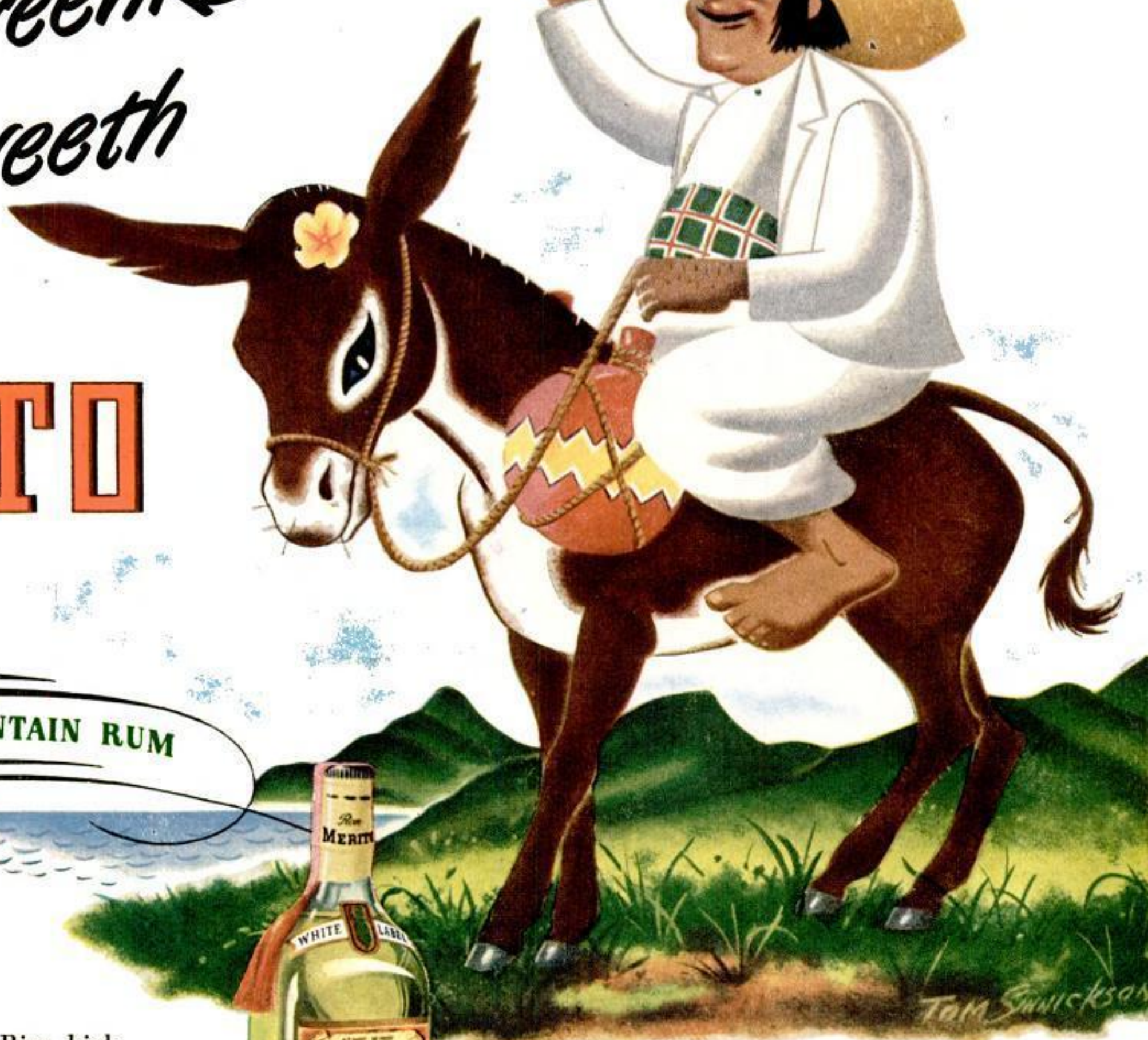
There is no better rum than Merito, as you can easily discover — to your own delight and that of your guests. The reason? Merito Rum is

“mountain-distilled”, born and bred in Sunny Puerto Rico, high above the sea, where soil, water and tropic air unite with patient human skill to produce a rum with matchless *mountain flavor*.

So make your next round of drinks with Merito Rum — you will find them absolutely *delicioso*!

Here's the last word, the low-down, the professional know-how on mixing better rum drinks. It's yours for the asking. Just mail the coupon. It's FREE!

AVAILABLE IN BOTH GOLD AND WHITE LABEL • 86 PROOF



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National Distillers Products Corp.
Dept. L5, P.O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., New York 5, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your free booklet, “40 Delicious Ways to Use Merito Rum”, which gives recipes for delicious rum cocktails, tall drinks, punches, sauces, desserts, etc.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

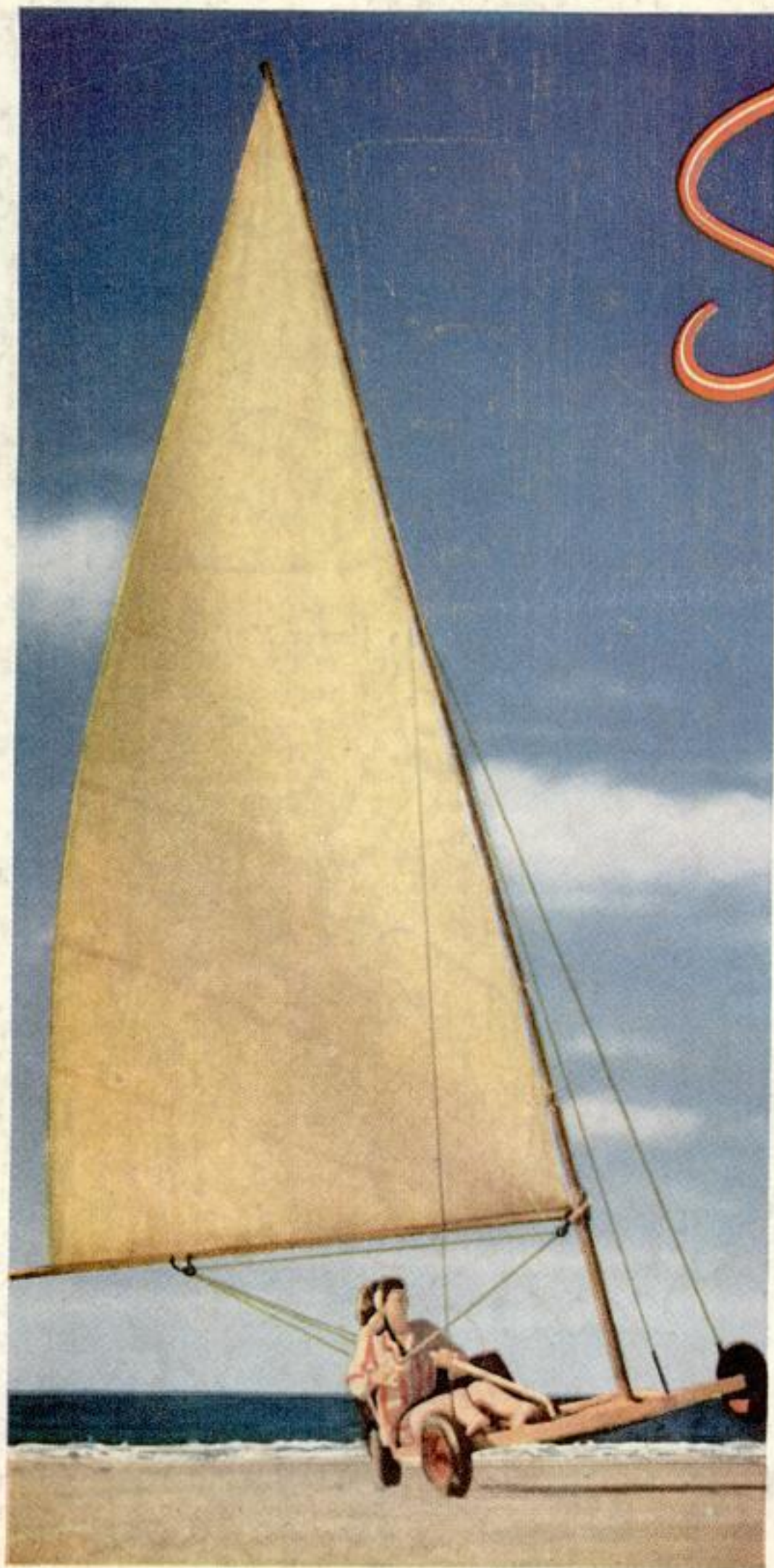
IT TAKES EXPERIENCE TO GO

Sailing on the Sand

Skipper
PEG NEELEY
agrees: "In sand
sailing—and in
cigarettes too—
**EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!**"



*Sailing on water is too slow for Peg Neeley and "crew." In these specially designed "boats on wheels," speeds of over a mile a minute are common. But it takes *experience* to sail that fast on sand!*



On Florida's Daytona Beach, Skipper Peg Neeley "heels over" in a stiff breeze.



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...CAMELS
SUIT ME BETTER
ALL WAYS!

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EXPERIENCE
WITH ME

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Let your "T-ZONE" tell you why

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!



The "T-Zone"

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

that's your proving
ground for any
cigarette. See if
Camels don't suit
your "T-Zone"
to a "T"!



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MOST everywhere you go — you see more...
more... **MORE** people smoking Camels...
the cigarette of choice tobaccos, properly aged
and expertly blended.

You'll understand the reason why—when you try
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... that's T for Taste and T for Throat—your proving
ground for any cigarette. See how *your* Taste
welcomes Camel's rich, delightful flavor. See if *your*
Throat doesn't welcome Camel's cool mildness. Let
your experience in *your* "T-Zone" tell you why more
people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Three leading independent research organizations asked
113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand
named most was CAMEL!